

# THE ACADEMY

## A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1769

MARCH 31, 1906

PRICE THREEPENCE

### Education

**SHERBORNE SCHOOL.**—An EXAMINATION for ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, open to Boys under 15, will be held in June.—Further information can be obtained from the Rev. the HEAD-MASTER, School House, Sherborne, Dorset.

**HEAD MASTER REQUIRED** (after Summer vacation) for Westminster City School. Subject to provisions of Scheme the Governors will proceed to fill this vacancy early in May. Candidates must be graduates of a University in the United Kingdom and be under 45 years of age. On present attendance the stipend and fees offered will amount to about £600 a year, exclusive of superannuation fund, and good unfurnished house, rent and rate free, coals and gas. Send addressed foolscap envelope for printed particulars. Applications must reach the undersigned not later than April 19.

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### ST. PAUL'S GIRLS' SCHOOL, BROOK GREEN, W.

AN EXAMINATION for Foundation Scholarships, open to Girls under sixteen years of age, will be held at the School on April 3, 4, and 5. These Scholarships exempt the holders from the payment of Tuition Fees. Further particulars may be obtained from the Headmistress at the School.

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

"SPARE US OUR ILLUSIONS!" is the cry we feel inclined to put up to biographers, publishers of correspondence, and others, after reading Dr. F. G. Kenyon's "Robert Browning and Alfred Domett," in which he prints the letters that passed between Browning and Domett and Joseph Arnould and Domett. Who was Domett? Why! "Waring." And it is that which shatters our illusions. Waring did not steal away like a ghost because he was prouder than the devil and grew tired of passing up and down the streets of London town. He did not go to the East, nor to Moscow, nor to Spain. No one ever saw him under a lateen sail off Trieste, wearing a great grass hat. He went to New Zealand, because he was a briefless barrister who wanted to make a career—and he made it. A month ago Waring was Waring, a romantic figure, about whom the imagination weaved wonderful stories: to-day he is Alfred Domett, the Colonial Secretary of New Munster, the Civil Secretary of New Zealand, the Commissioner of Crown Lands.

The letters, interesting in a small measure as they are, are no return for the lost illusion. Browning was very fond of Domett, and wrote to him pretty regularly until he married Elizabeth Barrett, sending him affectionate letters which show the enthusiasm of a friend for a friend's works and contain one or two fine dashing statements and criticisms. But we do not feel that we know Browning much better after reading them than we did before. "I will [do much], if I live. At present, I don't know if I stand on head or heels; what men require I don't know;" thus he wrote when he was thirty. In the same year, on the publication of the 1842 edition of Tennyson's poems, he is of opinion that the alterations show "some woeful mental infirmity in the man." Dickens he finds "uproarious and disgusting in his Pecksniffs" and Macaulay's "Lays" he considers "a kind of revenge on that literature which so long plagued ours with Muses and Apollo and Luna and all that."

"Here," he writes, "everything goes flatly on, except the fierce political reality (as it begins to be). Our poems, etc., are poor child's play," a comparison on which we should like to have Miss Barrett's opinion. Indeed, it is strange that any poet should write thus of poetry and politics. And he atones for it later in speaking of the way in which the Reviews have treated his works: "There is no hiding the fact that it is of the proper old drivelling virulence with which God's Elect have in all ages been regaled." Quite the most interesting passage in the whole book occurs in a letter of 1846, Browning being then 34. Domett had taxed him with obscurity and imperfect expression. He replies, in effect, by saying that he could not help it; that he had done his best; that the poems had to be "tumbled out" as they came, and that now, having made a clearing, he is looking about for the real

work to come. Here is his profession of poetical faith: and momentous it is. But a poet's poetry is always more interesting than his views of poetry; and we would have spared this letter if we might have kept our Waring.

In Germany they are more attached to archaism in theatrical matters than we are in England. Here, good men and theatre-goers are pretty well agreed that the productions of the Elizabethan Stage Society, for instance, were interesting, but at the same time showed a wilful renunciation of opportunities for legitimate and even necessary dramatic effect. People do not, and are not meant to, bring their historic sense to the theatre—if they have any; and to say that the "Elizabethan" manner is the only right way of producing Shakespeare is to say, in effect, that Shakespeare is not a classic, i.e., one who can be interpreted in modern methods and offer a new message to each generation. We have before us a note on a recent production by the German Shakespeare Society at Weimar of *King Richard II.* without intervals and with a *Zwischenvorhang* to distinguish the principal from the secondary scenes; and on April 24 they are going to play Massinger's *The Duke of Milan* in the same manner. Such productions are always interesting, and peculiarly appropriate in the case of a literary society of such distinction as this. But we should be sorry to hear that Mr. Tree's Shakespeare week next month was going to be conducted on these lines.

The interest in Shakespeare in Germany is very strong indeed, as Londoners learned anew the other day from Professor J. Schick of Munich. Eight hundred and twelve performances of twenty-eight different plays on one hundred and forty-six stages is a better record, probably, than England, America and the Colonies together could show for one year. Bismarck was a great Shakespearean. One of his earliest published letters was written to an Englishman asking for copies of *King Richard III.* and *Hamlet*. And among the qualities which the Germans value most highly in the poet whom they regard, according to Professor Schick, as the flower of the Teutonic race, is his "old Teutonic reverence for women."

What form that reverence took in early days in the case of erring women, we know from the "Annals" of Tacitus. It has, no doubt, reached a higher stage of development in the Teutonic mind by now. But is it true that Shakespeare revered women? In a sense, of course, Shakespeare revered woman, just as he revered man and all created things, because he understood her; but we must guard against imagining that he set woman on a pedestal of sentimentality. She was not the *hausfrau*, to do the domestic work and bear children; equally, she was not a spotless being of different clay from man. Let us remember, in talking of Shakespeare's reverence for women, Goneril and Regan, Emilia, The Lady Anne, Lady Macbeth, Titania (a very woman), Katharine, Anne Boleyn, Queen Gertrude, and others, and we shall not be likely to confuse him with those of his contemporaries whose unhealthy worship of women it needed the early Stuart reaction with Lovelace and others—even the no less unhealthy Restoration view of them—to correct.

Our census of the services rendered to literature by the Universities needs to be supplemented by reference to the case of the historians. The lists for the two principal Universities are as follows:

## OXFORD:

John Fox  
William Camden  
Lord Herbert of Chesham  
Earl of Clarendon  
Edward Gibbon  
William Mitford  
Charles James Fox

## CAMBRIDGE:

Francis Bacon  
Conyers Middleton  
William Coxe  
Lord Macaulay  
Charles Merivale  
Thirlwall  
A. W. Kinglake

Henry Hallam  
Thomas Arnold  
Sir J. G. Wilkinson  
Sir George Cornwall Lewis  
Dean Milman  
James Anthony Froude  
Samuel Rawson Gardiner  
Bishop Stubbs  
E. A. Freeman  
John Richard Green  
Mandell Creighton  
John Morley  
Goldwin Smith  
John Addington Symonds  
Yorke Powell  
W. R. Morfill  
Herbert Paul  
C. H. Firth  
Arthur Hassall  
Andrew Lang  
William Hunt  
Richard Lodge  
C. A. Fyffe  
C. W. C. Oman  
James Bryce  
J. E. C. Bodley  
Viscount Saint Cyres  
Sir George Cox  
Montagu Burrows  
H. Morse Stephens  
W. H. Hutton

Sir W. Stirling Maxwell  
Sir George Trevelyan  
George Long  
Sir John Seeley  
Sir Edward Creasy  
G. M. Trevelyan  
A. D. Innes  
Oscar Browning  
W. H. Wilkins  
J. K. Laughton  
A. W. Ward

Arnold Toynbee  
William Wallace  
Edward Caird  
F. H. Bradley

Sir Frederick Pollock  
Charles Austin  
A. J. Balfour

Here it is easy enough to generalise. The speciality of Cambridge is to be in close touch with the natural sciences, and there are no Oxonians worthy to be placed in the same class with Newton and Darwin. Cambridge, on the other hand, has no political economist of the rank of Adam Smith, and no metaphysician comparable with any of three or four Oxonians who might be named. In the matter of metaphysics, indeed, Oxford is the constructive and Cambridge the critical and destructive University. To compare T. H. Green with Henry Sidgwick or William Wallace with Mr. Balfour is to perceive the moral difference between the two points of view.

Of the other Universities, Edinburgh makes the best display, claiming Hume, Dugald Stewart, Thomas Brown, Sir James Mackintosh; the Dublin names are those of Berkeley and Burke; while Aberdeen boasts of Alexander Bain. There also remain Shaftesbury, the two Mills, James Martineau, Herbert Spencer, and Mr. Benjamin Kidd to represent non-academic philosophy. There are people who consider Herbert Spencer the greatest philosopher of all; but Jowett, who called him "the Martin Farquhar Tupper of philosophy," expressed the common Oxford view of his contributions to metaphysical speculation.

It will hardly be denied that Oxford has here the moral as well as the material majority. The actual figures are thirty-eight to eighteen; and though it would be feasible to lengthen the Cambridge list, the further names that could be inserted would not do a great deal to strengthen it. The relative position of the two Universities is pretty much the same whether we regard history as a branch of literature or as a branch of science. On the former theory Clarendon, Gibbon and Froude outweigh Macaulay, Seeley, and Kinglake; on the latter Cambridge is quite unable to match the achievements of Stubbs, Creighton and Gardiner. Oxford is distinctly the historian's University. Edinburgh makes a show not greatly inferior to that of Cambridge with the names of David Hume, William Robertson, Sir James Macintosh, Fraser Tytler, Sir Archibald Alison and Thomas Carlyle. Dublin has four representatives: W. E. H. Lecky, Professor Bury, Douglas Hyde and J. P. Mahaffy. Aberdeen has two: Bishop Burnet and Hill Burton. Glasgow has John Knox.

Among non-University historians, the most notable names are those of Daniel Defoe, Smollett, Sharon Turner, Lingard, William Godwin, Sir William Napier, James Mill, Buckle, Grote, Finlay, Mure, Hepworth Dixon, Justin McCarthy, Kaye, Malleon, Lord Acton, Sir Henry Howorth, Major Martin Hume, Nisbet Bain and Sir Spencer Walpole. Only one name—that of Grote—belongs quite certainly to the first class; though claims might perhaps be made, on purely literary grounds, for the inclusion of Defoe and Napier. In this branch of literature, however, the University lists are, from every point of view, the stronger.

In conclusion—and in order that we may dismiss the subject with an easy mind—we may set forth the Universities of the writers distinguished in moral, metaphysical, economical and political philosophy. Thus:

## OXFORD:

Thomas Hobbes  
John Locke  
Bolingbroke  
Bishop Butler  
Adam Smith  
Sir William Blackstone  
Jeremy Bentham  
Archbishop Whateley  
William Nassau Senior  
Sir William Hamilton  
Benjamin Jowett  
Dean Mansel  
T. H. Green

## CAMBRIDGE:

Francis Bacon  
Henry More  
Sir Isaac Newton  
Dr. Samuel Clarke  
William Paley  
R. T. Malthus  
F. D. Maurice  
Sir John Herschell  
William Whewell  
Charles Darwin  
Leslie Stephen  
Henry Fawcett  
Sidney Buxton

Mr. H. Farr, deputy librarian, Cardiff, raised a question of great importance at the last meeting of the Library Association held on Monday at the London School of Economics. Although it was not proposed to include London at the present time, a resolution, drawn in general terms only, was passed, instructing, in effect the Legislation Committee of the Association to prepare a bill giving County Councils power to adopt the Library Acts for the rural districts of the county areas. Voluntary effort has done much to relieve the monotony of village life, but it can never succeed in more than a small way; and the County Councils, with all the complex machinery of the educational system at their disposal, are the only authorities capable of undertaking the work of providing good libraries for the villages, and county reference libraries to supplement the studies of students. This in a great measure would stem the steady tide of migration to the towns. Mr. H. J. Tennant, M.P., who will take charge of the Bill in the House of Commons, presided at the meeting and laid his finger upon what has been realised for a long time as the key to the future success of public libraries—the inculcation of a love of the best reading in the children.

The love of reading in too many cases has not grown in the children as they themselves grew up, and it is a matter of doubt whether the rural parts of the counties are ripe for any sweeping action of the kind proposed. (The Bishop of Hereford.) The experiment of voluntary effort has been tested very liberally in Hereford and might be tried in other counties before making the question one of legislation, as the response in that city is only about one third of what might have been looked for. In the diocese boxes of books are circulated from farmhouse to farmhouse and distributed amongst the cottages. Another series of boxes circulates amongst the elementary schools of the county. Amongst other places Yorkshire has a well-organised scheme of village libraries, and Sir C. Seeley's plan in the Isle of Wight provides a small reference library in one of the schools in every village of the Island in connection with the library at Newport.

Perhaps some of the want of success is due to the fact that these efforts are voluntary. In the public library as it exists the democratic basis is the cause of its success.



And the efforts of individual parishes promotes an enthusiasm and a spirit of emulation which the control of the County Councils would kill. (Sir E. Verney.) There are four villages of Claydon. The smallest of these has a population of two hundred, but it has a library stocked with more than three thousand volumes, and issued one thousand eight hundred and sixty books during the past year.

Although it did not enter into the business of the evening, Dr. Garnett's request that the Library Association should undertake the selection of the hundred best books for prizes for children of the following grades: Infants; children from seven to ten years of age; from ten to twelve, and from twelve upwards, was one of the utmost interest. There were one hundred and forty-five thousand prizes distributed in London elementary schools last year, and there is no doubt that these books, if selected with that end in view, would do very much to promote an appreciation of good reading.

The Vasari Society for the Reproduction of Drawings by the Old Masters has been in existence for less than a year, but its subscribers already number nearly four hundred and fifty. They will shortly receive the second instalment of Reproductions for the current year, which will include drawings by Lorenzo di Credi, Pontorno, an unknown sculptor of the Sienese School of the fourteenth century who designed a pulpit for Orvieto, Mantegna (?), Montagna, Tintoretto (?), Guardi, Dürer, Hans Holbein II., and Claude. About half the drawings are in the British Museum; the remainder in the collections of the Opera del Duomo at Orvieto, of the Berlin Museum, and of Messrs. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy, Edward Holland, and George Salting. The Committee have thus been able to fulfil their promise to draw more largely on private collections than they were justified in doing before the success of the Society was assured.

Lord Rosebery's pungent criticism of the Edinburgh statues at the Stevenson memorial meeting in the Scottish capital ten years ago may have had an inimical influence on the proposal put forward at the centenary of his birth to secure in Edinburgh an adequate monument of Thomas Carlyle. At any rate the funds subscribed for this object were insufficient to permit of the acceptance of Lord Rosebery's suggestion of a replica of Boehm's Chelsea statue, of which he possesses the original in marble, for Edinburgh. The committee, consisting of Professor Masson, who in his old age has a striking physical resemblance to Carlyle, Mr. Taylor Innes, and Mr. Hew Morrison discussed various projects the other day, and came to the conclusion that a medallion or a brass in St. Giles's Cathedral might be aimed at. It should be stated that, unlike the case of the R.L.S. memorial, no world-wide appeal has been made for the commemoration in Edinburgh of the author of "Sartor Resartus," whose signature, inscribed in a clean, firm, boyish hand, close on a century ago in the matriculation album of the University, can still be seen. His *alma mater*, it may be stated, received as a gift some time ago Woolner's fine bust of her gifted pupil.

As we go to press, we receive a telegram from the Bodleian Library stating that it has secured the "Turbott" folio of Shakespeare.

The following are among forthcoming events:

A special *matinée* by the students of the Academy of Dramatic Art will be given on Tuesday afternoon next (April 3) at His Majesty's Theatre in aid of the *Referee* Children's Dinner Fund. The programme will consist of the Trial Scene from *The Merchant of Venice*, rehearsed under the direction of Mr. J. Fisher White; a selection of dances taught by Mr. Louis Hervey d'Egville; the complete wordless play, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, under the direction of Mme. Cavalazzi; in regard to which item of the bill it is interesting to note that Mr. Landon Ronald has kindly consented to play the important pianoforte part in the orchestra; for it will be remembered that he played it originally in

London when Mlle. Jane May played the part of the Pierrot, and has played it with her in the cast on over five hundred occasions; and the first act of Mr. Pinero's comedy *The Times*, rehearsed by Mr. Frederick Kerr. Tickets may now be obtained at His Majesty's Theatre at reduced prices. On the occasion of the performance the gold medal annually presented by Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft for the best dramatic performance will be competed for, the judges being Mr. John Hare, Mr. Pinero and Mr. E. A. Bendall.

On April 8, 9 and 10, the Stage Society will perform Brieux's *Maternité*, translated by Mrs. Bernard Shaw.

The Collection of pictures by Corot formed by the late Mr. Staats Forbes will be exhibited at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, for a few weeks from Saturday, March 31, when it will be dispersed. The Exhibition will include, in addition to twenty-two choice examples of Corot's art, a large number of representative pictures by the other painters of the Barbizon School—Daubigny, Diaz, Jacque, Dupré, Rousseau and Troyon.

University of Cambridge. Local Lectures Summer Meeting, 1906. A Meeting of University Extension Students and others will be held at Cambridge from Thursday, August 2 to Tuesday, August 28, 1906. The Meeting will be divided into two parts. The first part will last from August 2 to August 15 and the second part from August 15 to August 28. The principal study will be "The Eighteenth Century," especially the period 1714-1789. The inaugural lecture will be given at noon on August 2 by his Excellency the Ambassador of the United States of America. It will deal with "The Rise of the United States in the Eighteenth Century and the tendencies of its Development." The Courses at present arranged are History; Literature; Art; France; Science; Education and Social Reform; Courses mainly for foreign Students, on the Sounds of modern English, and English Institutions; Theology. Further details may be obtained of the Rev. D. H. S. Cranage, M.A., Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge. Letters should be endorsed "Summer Meeting."

Society of Arts. Monday, April 2, at 8 P.M. (Cantor Lecture.) Professor Vivian B. Lewes, "Fire, Fire Risks, and Fire Extinction." (Lecture IV.) Wednesday, April 4, at 8 P.M. (Ordinary Meeting.) Mrs. Ernest Hart, "Ramie and its Possibilities."

Linnean Society. The next General Meeting will be held on Thursday, April 5, 1906, at 8 P.M. Exhibition: Mr. Clement Reid, F.R.S., F.L.S. "Some Plants new to the Preglacial Flora of Great Britain." Papers: (1) Mr. Spencer Moore, F.L.S. "A Second Contribution to the Flora of Africa.—Rubiaceæ and Compositæ, Part II." (2) Mr. E. J. Schwartz, F.L.S. "The Anatomy of the stem and leaf of *Nyssia floribunda*, R. Br." (3) Mr. B. Hayata. "*Taiwanites*, a new genus of Coniferae from the Island of Formosa." (Communicated by Dr. Maxwell T. Masters, F.R.S., F.L.S.)

At the London Sociological Society's next meeting, to be held at The Compositors' Hall, St. Bride Street, on April 4, Mr. Robb Lawson will contribute a paper on "The Drama as a Sociological Factor."

The Dante Society. Wednesday, April 4, 1906, at 8.30 P.M., at 45 Harley Street, W. Professor A. J. Butler, M.A., will give a lecture on "Dante and the German Mystics." The Bishop of Southwark in the Chair.

## LITERATURE

SIR RICHARD BURTON

(SECOND NOTICE.)

*The Life of Sir Richard Burton.* By THOMAS WRIGHT. 2 vols. (Everett & Co., 24s. net.)

THE second volume of Mr. Wright's work is largely taken up with criticism. Burton's early life had been given to travel and adventure, and he retained the old restlessness to the end; but, in studying his life, we feel that, as years advanced, much of the force of it was spent, and so we have him more or less settling down to literary work. And here we do not find him quite so admirable as he was in the character of the romantic traveller. Few people realise the voluminousness of his writings. Probably the majority have tried one or two of his books and found them, to speak the truth, extremely dull. Burton had very little of the instinct of a writer. His besetting sin, as his biographer candidly points out, is prolixity. "His books laid one on the top of another would make a pile eight feet high." Those who have travelled over the same ground bear testimony to the accuracy of his descriptions—a quality not very readily realised by the arm-chair reader. This carefulness about scenery and events was combined with a curious inaccuracy in regard to historical facts. Mr. Wright tells us that to his dying day he was under a wrong impression as to his birth-place.

Scores of his letters have passed through my hands and nearly all are imperfectly dated. Fortunately, however, the envelopes have in

almost every case been preserved; so the postmark, when legible, has filled the lacuna. At every turn in his life we are reminded of his inexactitude—especially in autobiographical details. And yet, too, like most inexact men, he was a rare stickler for certain niceties. He would have defended the "h" in Meccah with his sword; and the man who spelt "Gypsy" with an "i" for ever forfeited his respect.

In his attempts at translating poetry he suffered from a complete lack of inspiration, while he had a fancy for using obsolete words that made simply ridiculous what in any circumstances would have been poor. His treatment of Payne is simply indefensible. Mr. Wright shows without the shadow of a doubt that he made dishonest use of the version of his predecessor. The truth seems to be that he had as little faculty for translating prose as verse. The value of his version of the Arabian Nights lies chiefly in the notes, and we cannot help regretting that his thirst for information lay almost entirely in one direction, and that far from being a desirable one.

No other man could have written these notes; no other man, even if possessed of Burton's knowledge, would have dared to publish them. Practically they are a work in themselves. That they were really necessary for the elucidation of the text we would not for a moment contend. At times they fulfil this office, but more often than not the text is merely a peg upon which to hang a mass of curious learning such as few other men have ever dreamt of.

That their publication should alarm Mrs. Grundy was no more than was natural. We say this not without a good deal of sympathy with the view of Burton. Much of the mock modesty and unnatural reticence of the nineteenth century was more prurient than the broadest writing of the eighteenth century; but in trying to redress the balance Burton swung the pendulum to the opposite extreme, and in the end his appetite for filth was nothing more nor less than a disease. The story of "The Scented Garden" is certainly a pathetic one—the old man writing and writing, outpouring his singular knowledge, while page after page of it was to be destroyed by his wife. Mr. Wright gives a description of the work, and there are few who will disagree with him when he declares that the world lost nothing very valuable when Lady Burton placed it in the fire.

After carefully weighing the pros and cons we have come to the conclusion that the loss could not possibly have been a serious one. That Burton placed a very high value on his work, that he considered it his masterpiece, is incontrovertible, but he had formed in earlier days just as high an opinion of his *Camoens* and his *Kasidah*; therefore what he himself said about it has not necessarily any great weight. We do not think the loss serious for four reasons: First, because the original work, whatever its claims on the anthropologist, has little, if any, literary merit; secondly, because Sir Richard Burton's "old version" of *The Scented Garden* is public property, and has been reprinted at least three times; thirdly, because only half was done; and fourthly, because the whole of the work has since been translated by a writer who, whatever his qualifications or disqualifications, has had access to manuscripts that were inaccessible to Sir Richard Burton.

It is to be regretted that Burton's avid thirst for information should have taken the form it did.

Now for a few words in regard to the general opinions held by this remarkable man. In regard to religion we are told that:

Burton had in early life, as we have seen, leaned to Sufism; and this faith influenced him to the end. For a little while he coquetted with Roman Catholicism; but the journey to Mecca practically turned him into a Mohammedan. At the time of his marriage he called himself an agnostic, and, as we have seen, he was always something of a spiritualist.

Lady Burton's fancy that he had embraced Roman Catholicism was little more than a delusion. In regard to social questions the opinions of a man like Burton are of more weight than on religion. That he was no saint we know from the facts of his life and from his own admission, but there is the saving grace that he found what he thought to be his task in this world and he did it with his might. He may be pardoned much on the principle enunciated by Browning:

Win but the race. Who shall object?  
He tossed three wine cups off and just at starting  
Lilith kissed his lips.

Physique was everything to him, and he believed that the poor should be obliged to limit their families. Indeed, he went so far as to approve the law of Lycurgus which forbade a child, male or female, to be brought up unless approved of by public officers appointed for the purpose of deciding. The rest of his opinions will be fairly evident, even from the brief account that we have given of him. It is difficult to sum up such a life. One can only take it on the historical side. It occurred under natural circumstances and therefore it is interesting; but, if we were asked what is there to learn from it, what to imitate, we should be perplexed to find an answer, unless it were in the homely old proverb that it takes some of all kinds to make a world. The fuller the world is, the more interesting.

#### A POPULAR BOOK ON EVOLUTION

*Evolution: the Master Key.* A Discussion of the Principle of Evolution as illustrated in Atoms, Stars, Organic Species, Mind, Morals, and Society. By C. W. SALEEBY, M.D. (Harper, 7s. 6d..)

WHEN a great scientific generalisation is carried over by specialists into many departments of inquiry and there made the subject of highly technical discussions, the ordinary layman is in danger of losing sight of the essential principles on which it rests and the larger developments of thought concerning it. The field of his vision is obscured by a multitude of detailed questions and controversies, and he finds himself in the position of one who can no longer see the wood for the trees. This is what has happened within recent years in respect of the doctrine of evolution. We encounter it in every domain of knowledge and speculation. But the specialist now takes its main principles for granted, and passes on to the consideration of the countless problems which it helps to solve, or to which it gives rise, in his own particular province; and thus, though we hear much of special developments of evolutionary theory in chemistry, astronomy, physiology, botany, sociology, ethics, and a dozen other subjects, it becomes increasingly difficult to get a clear view over the evolutionary field as a whole. It is in the light of this fact that the utility of Dr. Saleeby's book becomes apparent. He undertakes within the limits of a volume of moderate compass to set forth and discuss the general principles of evolution, both in their broader scientific aspects and in some of the more important of their practical implications.

Evidently there is place for such a survey as this, and the book will fulfil its chief purpose in leaving the reader with a clear idea of where we stand in regard to the doctrine of evolution in these early years of the new century. The work, it is true, exhibits certain defects perhaps unavoidable in so comprehensive a scheme. Some of the chapters are too brief to do anything like justice to the vast topics of which they treat. We feel in places that Dr. Saleeby has made the mistake of trying to get too much into his space; in the division devoted to super-organic evolution, for example, he deals with the evolution of mind, religion, and morality, the test of truth, the human will (including the vexed question of freedom and determinism), the origin of our ideas, evolution and marriage, evolution and education, and the principles of conduct, all within the scope of a hundred pages. Manifestly such an undertaking is calculated to tax an expositor's skill to the utmost, since the very object of the book demands that condensation shall not be attained at the expense of the popular element. If, therefore, the chapters seem sometimes a little sketchy, if important points (such as the controversy about the transmission of acquired characters) are too lightly touched upon, or even left out altogether, we can hardly be surprised. But on the whole we are struck by the fact that the defect is far less conspicuous than might have been anticipated. Dr. Saleeby has many qualifications for his difficult task. A trained scientist and an enthusiastic



evolutionist, he has so thorough a mastery of his material that he is able to present it in broad outlines from many different sides; and he writes in a pleasant, colloquial style which, if occasionally smacking a little too much of journalistic over-facility, is simple, clear, and readable. His success in stripping his discussions of unnecessary technicalities in thought and phraseology is particularly noteworthy.

Dr. Saleeby is, by his own confession, a loyal disciple of Herbert Spencer, and one valuable point about his book is its exhibition of Spencerian doctrine in the light of the immense progress which science has made in many directions in the forty-five years since the first pages of the "Synthetic Philosophy" were penned. Since a rather common habit to-day is to assume, as a matter of course, that a great part of Spencer's philosophy is already getting out of date, Dr. Saleeby has done very good work as a disciple in making clear in how many ways his teacher anticipated the further developments of science, and how various quite recent discoveries, such as those in atomic evolution, seem simply to fill up gaps in the Spencerian system and thus to help in supporting its general edifice. But, doubtless, the portions of the book which will be perused with the greatest interest by the general reader are those in which the author deals with the bearings of evolution on questions of human life and destiny, society, conduct, religion; and this, not only because these are matters which "come home to men's business and bosoms," but also because it is upon these that Dr. Saleeby has most to say that is fresh and suggestive. Though evolution is in the very air of our time, and though we do practically all our serious thinking with reference to it, it will, we suspect, surprise many readers to learn of its manifold applications to living issues, and to note with the author how many are the problems of to-day immediately concerning us all to which it does indeed furnish a "master key."

#### ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning in her Letters.* By PERCY LUBBOCK. (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net.)

THE word that best describes Mr. Percy Lubbock's life of Mrs. Browning is felicitous. He begins in a spirit of affectionate fault-finding which succeeds at once in winning the confidence and attracting the interest of the reader. It is felt from the first line that he is thoroughly inspired by his subject and is able to look at all flaws in the image without abating one jot of his admiration. This might seem paradoxical or even a little cynical, but it is absolutely true to life. It is the more or less shallow and very egoistical person who takes a friend to his or her heart and defends him against the world as perfect and flawless. At the bottom, perhaps, the old prayer: "defend me from my friends," was based on the over-zeal of such people. A rarer and deeper affection can look steadily at all the shortcomings of its object and yet remain bright and undimmed. That this is Mr. Percy Lubbock's feeling with regard to Mrs. Browning is evident, and no better tribute of praise can be offered than to point it out. The reputation of Elizabeth Barrett Browning as a poet has not endured. Except for a few fragments and very short pieces, her work has got out of touch with the present generation. As Mr. Lubbock says, "much of her most characteristic work has lost its brightness for us. . . . Our present standard in these matters is very different from Mrs. Browning's." His condemnation goes so far as to declare, and as we think with absolute truth, that she was not finally and instinctively an artist. Now the usual exordium of a work in biography is a pæan of praise, and we greatly welcome this healthy deviation from the usual. Mr. Lubbock is not very long in showing us that in spite of all this Mrs. Browning's will always remain a most interesting and lovable personality. Yet it is a personality

very difficult to disentangle. As is very truly said in the opening chapter:

The intimate regions of her life were jealously guarded long after her death, in the mood, half tenderness, half a kind of defiance, which was so characteristic of her husband.

Now from the letters it is possible to make a kind of portrait; yet of the letters as little is said in praise as of the poetry.

They are not brilliant letters; they have not the special qualities of humour, of lightness of touch, of pungent individuality, that in certain hands make this accidental form of literature so charming. Their value is not that they reveal genius in themselves, but that through their perfectly unpretentious simplicity we see, as closely as can now be seen, the fragile woman and undaunted genius behind them. No one will read them for their literary merit. Their charm is that a personality of a singularly gracious and lovable kind moves through them, breathing no remote atmosphere, too rare for ordinary minds, but faced with familiar joys and sorrows, and responding with acute sensitiveness to both; possessing the incalculable gift of genius, yet wearing no pontifical robes, arrogating no special immunities, a Vestal tending the flame in secluded places, but with no sacrifice of human ties and associations; a gentle, affectionate, eager woman, whose emotions and interests were like those of a hundred others, only intensified by the fire that had touched her lips.

With the help of a little imagination, however, the biographer has extracted from these documents the materials of a study which, we think, is deserving of a place in English literature. As frontispiece the book shows the fine portrait of Mrs. Barrett Browning made in the winter of 1858-9 by Miss Fox, afterwards Mrs. Bridell-Fox, and the charm and candour of the face are well interpreted in the pages that follow. Like many another extraordinary character, Mrs. Browning was born into a very curious sort of home. Her mother, who only emerges indistinctly like an old faded photograph, appears to have been amiable, but not gifted with that force of character which has frequently been observed in the mothers of genius. Her father seems to have been something of a rough diamond; at least we are quite sure of the roughness, though whether it belonged to a diamond or not is a matter of doubt. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was born on March 6, 1806, at Coxhoe Hall, Durham, and some three years afterwards the family removed to Hope End, in Herefordshire, where her impressions of English scenery were garnered. Unfortunately, it is as difficult to reconstruct her childhood, as it is to realise that of Robert Browning himself. The scholarship which figures perhaps too largely in her poems had its foundation in the acquisition of a copy of Pope's translation of the *Iliad*. Her other English reading may be learned from an instructive passage in one of her letters:

Papa used to say . . . "Don't read Gibbon's History—it's not a proper book. Don't read 'Tom Jones'—and none of the books on *this* side, mind!" So I was very obedient and never touched the books on *that* side, and only read instead Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," and Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary," and Hume's "Essays," and Werther, and Rousseau, and Mary Wollstonecraft . . . books, which I was never suspected of looking towards, and which were not "on *that* side" certainly, but which did as well.

Her younger brother, who gave her "the odd, pretty nickname of 'Ba,'" was her companion, and it was through him that she gained her knowledge of the classics.

A tutor of Edward's, who came to prepare him for Charterhouse, offered the first opportunity. Elizabeth much preferred her brother's lessons to her own. She joined him at his work, dashing first at Greek, as she says, and then at Latin as a help to Greek, tearing the meanings out of words, and riding lightly over the impediments of grammar, determined somehow or other to see her authors face to face.

Another influence that came into her life was that of Mr. H. S. Boyd, a blind scholar then living at Malvern. Under his guidance she "read Greek," she says:

As hard under the trees as some of your Oxonians in the Bodleian, gathered visions from the dramatists, and ate and drank Greek, and made my head ache with it.

The English poetry that she read was that in the grand style, though she added Byron and Coleridge to Pope. All this had the result of causing many books to come into existence prematurely. Yet she seems from the first to

have believed that she had a calling to be a poet. While all this was going on, the fortunes of Mr. Barrett seemed to have fluctuated a good deal. His property in the West Indies was depreciated by the abolition of slavery, and the changes of residence that took place were generally more or less actuated by economy. In 1835 the family were once and for all transplanted to London. Already Elizabeth Barrett had won some reputation as a poet, and her letters afford glimpses of literary figures mostly brought to Gloucester Place through the agency of John Kenyon, a *sorte de Mécène bon enfant*. Among others whom she saw was the poet laureate of the time, of whom we get this sketch:

No, I was not at all disappointed in Wordsworth, although perhaps I should not have singled him from the multitude as a great man. There is a *reserve* even in his countenance, which does not lighten as Landor's does, whom I saw the same evening. His eyes have more meekness than brilliancy; and in his slow even articulation there is rather the solemnity and calmness of *truth* itself, than the animation and energy of those who seek for it. As to my being quite at ease when I spoke to him, why how could you ask such a question? I trembled both in my soul and body. But he was very kind, and sat near me, and talked to me as long as he was in the room—and recited a translation by Cary of a sonnet of Dante's—and altogether, it was quite a dream!

Her health was not good. In childhood she seems to have been quite robust and active, but about fifteen she began to suffer, whether owing to a fall from a horse or for some other reason is not very clear, and in Gloucester Place she "grew gradually weaker and more incapable of taking part in any occupations outside the house." In 1838 her health seems to have been precarious.

One lung is very slightly affected [she wrote later], but the nervous system absolutely shattered, as the state of the pulse proves. I am in the habit of taking forty drops of laudanum a day, and cannot do with less, that is, the medical man told me that I could not do with less, saying so with his hand on the pulse.

To add to her troubles, when she was down at Torquay trying to recuperate in the autumn, her brother was drowned in a storm, having been out in a sailing-boat with two companions. For five years, 1841-1845, that is until her marriage, Elizabeth Barrett never left London, and rarely left the house. We are told:

She worked incessantly at her poetry, and accepted with patient resignation the family view that her youth was past, and that she could look for nothing more from life but a certain amount of academic reputation.

There is much that is interesting in the letters of this period, but we would confine ourselves to selecting a single passage, and that because it has a bearing on a movement of our own time, directed as it is against Ossian.

It is many years ago since I looked at Ossian, and I never did much delight in him, as that fact proves. Since your letter came I have taken him up again, and have just finished "Carthou." There are beautiful passages in it, the most beautiful beginning, I think, "Desolate is the dwelling of Moira," and the next place being filled by that address to the sun you magnify so with praise. But the charm of these things is the *only* charm of all the poems. There is a sound of wild vague music in a monotone—nothing is articulate, nothing individual, nothing various. Take away a few poetical phrases from these poems, and they are colourless and bare. Compare them with the old burning ballads, with a wild heart beating in each. How cold they grow in comparison! Compare them with Homer's grand breathing personalities, with Æschylus's—nay, but I cannot bear upon my lips or finger the charge of the blasphemy of such comparing, even for religion's sake . . .

All this has to be realised before an understanding can be arrived at of the singular love-story that was shortly to be unfolded. It began with the well-known letter from the poet Robert Browning, then a man of thirty-three, who so far had formed no very intimate friendship, and, in fact, then, as ever, saw his fellow men not as real breathing people, into whose joys and sorrows he could enter as if they were his own, but only as figures reflected in a looking-glass. Yet this reticent, thoughtful and somewhat egoistic poet puts aside all his reserve and writes to the unknown author:

I do, as I say, love these books with all my heart—and I love you too. Do you know I was once not very far from seeing—really seeing

you? Mr. Kenyon said to me one morning, "Would you like to see Miss Barrett?" then he went to announce me,—then he returned . . . you were too unwell, and now it is years ago, and I feel as at some untoward passage in my travels, as if I had been close, so close, to some world's wonder in chapel or crypt, only a screen to push and I might have entered, but there was some slight, so it now seems, slight and just sufficient bar to admission, and the half-opened door shut, and I went home my thousands of miles, and the sight was never to be?

The history of this true love has been so often told before that we feel greatly inclined to end our comments at this place. This is not because Mr. Lubbock's work ceases to be interesting. On the contrary, he carries it on with *verve* and discrimination to the end; but the romance of Miss Barrett's life, though in a sense it endured to the end, lost its vitality at her marriage. The letters are not in themselves extremely attractive, but become so only when one is intent on pursuing the amiable personality of the author.

## COLERIDGE AND THE WEDGWOOD PENSION

### II

WHAT, in point of fact, was the nature of the benefit proposed to Coleridge in the joint letter of January 1798? Did that letter, or did it not, leave the brothers free to reconsider and recall their gift? According to the terms of the document the annuity was to be "for life," no condition whatsoever being annexed; it was to be "independent of everything except the wreck of the donors' fortune"; and it was to be "secured" to the grantee. Mr. Litchfield, of course, demurs: "Josiah alludes, indeed, to *securing* the annuity to Coleridge, but by this he can only have meant arranging for its payment through a bank or otherwise." We submit that Josiah "can only have meant" what he actually says—that the pension was to be "secured," *i.e.*, appropriated, assigned, made over to, or settled upon, Coleridge for life. On February 17, 1798, Josiah consulted his lawyers how he could best charge his copyhold estate with an annuity of £150—a fact which decides the meaning of the word *secured*. "But," argues Mr. Litchfield, "the annuity was given for a purpose, and the purpose necessarily made a condition, vague, but substantial." The annuity was indeed given for a purpose—that of removing the monetary cares which had hindered Coleridge's exertions on behalf of mankind. But this purpose, while implying the donors' belief that Coleridge, once rid of his anxieties, would exert his talents for the ends desired by them, assuredly neither made nor implied a condition that he should employ them in any specific manner. The time and the mode of employment were left to Coleridge's discretion; and who will dare to say that Coleridge's life, on the whole, was not a life of labour in the service of humanity?

But we do not know that the obligation he undertook was not something of a specific kind. For we have not before us all that passed between him and the brothers in January 1798. The most important sentence in Josiah's letter begins: "After what my brother Thomas has written . . ." That imports Tom's letter into the offer: but what Tom had written we do not know, nor do we know what Coleridge wrote in accepting the offer.

Here, at last, Mr. Litchfield betrays the hopeless extent of his ignorance touching the transaction which he has rashly presumed to discuss. He never saw the original documents, he is unaware that the letter of January 10 was written jointly by Tom and Josiah, and he positively takes the words: "After what my brother Thomas has written" to imply that, at some date prior to January 10, Tom Wedgwood had addressed a letter on his own account to Coleridge—a letter in which, he fancies, some specific condition *may* have been imposed; and this, before the subject of the annuity had ever been mooted! Need it be said that these "most important" words of Josiah refer simply to the preceding paragraph of the letter, and that



they "import" absolutely nothing into the offer but what that paragraph contains? That we have not Coleridge's final letter of consent before us is, unluckily, true; but seeing that Coleridge tells Wordsworth that he had accepted the annuity "on the presumption that I had talents, honesty, and propensities to perseverant effort," and moreover adds: "If I have hoped wisely concerning myself, I have acted justly," we may take it that his reply did not contain, any more than the Wedgwoods' letter contains, any bargain, stipulation, or condition whatsoever.

It remains for us to examine whether any evidence exists to show what Josiah's motives for revoking his share of the pension really were. In or about September 1807, Coleridge informed his friend Wade that recently he "had had reason to fear for the continuance of the annuity." At this time a separation was pending between the poet and his wife: and it is probable that Southey, who strongly opposed the step, had privately disclosed the position of affairs to Wedgwood, urging him to notify to Coleridge that, in the event of his deserting his family, Josiah's part of the annuity should at once be withdrawn. But, apart from the domestic rupture, Josiah had grounds for displeasure with Coleridge, who had failed to respond to his demand for materials for a "Life" of Tom Wedgwood, supposed to be in preparation by Mackintosh. The request was for many reasons difficult and distasteful to Coleridge, who cannot be blamed for his reluctance to deal with the subject of Tom Wedgwood's supposed "discoveries" in the field of metaphysical speculation, seeing that the deceased man's papers had been entrusted to Mackintosh, and by him carried out to Bombay. But some desultory reminiscences at least might and ought to have been furnished by Coleridge. His hapless condition of mind and body and, still more, perhaps, his dislike of hasty composition, must account for a silence which cannot but have seemed heartless and ungrateful to Josiah.

The events of 1808 were not calculated to conciliate the patron or to restore his shaken confidence; but in 1809 the founding of *The Friend* awakened kindlier and more hopeful feelings. For a time things promised well; but *The Friend*, like *The Watchman*, was foredoomed to failure. On June 6, 1810, Josiah wrote to Poole:

It seems *The Friend* is at an end. I fear Col is a lost man. I do not think any intercourse is likely to take place between him and me. . . . I do not know him now. I see the wreck of genius with tender concern, and without a hope. . . . I am so circumstanced that my time and my thoughts are pretty exclusively employed on my own objects, and it would be idle to regret what cannot be altered. Nor am I sure that a different state of things would be really for my advantage.

Josiah, plainly, was now convinced that the end on which he and Tom had staked their money was lost— forfeited through the indolence of the trustee. For ten years and more Coleridge had drawn the pension, yet he had nothing tangible to show for it—no poem, nor philosophical treatise, nor system of moral or political doctrine. He had proved—so it seemed to the offended patron—a slothful and unprofitable servant, from whom should be taken away even that he had. Just four months after the letter above quoted was written, Coleridge arrived in London (October 26, 1810) from Grasmere, where for two years he had been living apart from his family under Wordsworth's roof. In London he stayed for fifteen months, lecturing occasionally, and writing for *The Courier*. Then for the last time he revisited Keswick (February 1812), whence, after a brief stay, he returned, for good and all, to the city. This time it must have been clear to everybody at Greta Hall that the poet had turned his back for ever on the Lakes.

For some years back the Wedgwoods' business had languished for want of a continental market. Buonaparte maintained a strict blockade, and the trade with Holland and Northern Germany was, for a time, wholly suspended. Property, moreover, had been heavily taxed of late, and

wealthier men than Josiah Wedgwood were finding it necessary to look into their expenditure. Josiah's ambition to figure as a "county gentleman" had led him into a profuse outlay, and he began to cast about him for some means of reducing his expenses.

At his death in 1805 Tom Wedgwood, it was found, had bequeathed the residue of his estate to his three sisters and two brothers, in fifths. He had also devised annuities to Coleridge and John Leslie the physicist: to Coleridge seventy-five pounds for life, to Leslie a hundred and fifty pounds, until his income from other sources should exceed two hundred pounds a year. In 1803 he had formed a company of eighty volunteers from amongst the "statesmen" of Patterdale, clothing and arming them as riflemen. The annual cost of this body (about eight hundred pounds) he had defrayed till his death, and after that event Josiah, as his executor, had provided the captain's pay and other expenses of the corps. Now it is a remarkable coincidence that, at the very time when Josiah revoked his grant to Coleridge, he ceased to pay Leslie's pension, and discontinued the annual subsidy to the "Wedgwood Mountaineers." Leslie's pension might, one suspects, have been dropt before, since the stipend of his Edinburgh professorship, added to his gains as an author, must have exceeded two hundred pounds a year. Why Josiah ceased to subsidise the volunteer corps we are not told, any more than why he withdrew the seventy-five pounds from Coleridge. But we may fairly assume that his motive in each instance was one and the same, namely, the desire to curtail the outgoings of the family estate. With Tom's bequest to Coleridge he could not meddle—that must still be paid, whether he liked it or not. But with the Leslie bequest and the subsidy to the volunteers the will empowered him to deal; and both these charges he extinguished.

And what of his own part of Coleridge's annuity—had he power to extinguish that? Well, he could not be forced to continue it, for it had not been made enforceable by law. To be sure, there was his promise, written and signed by himself, that the pension should be "for life." But here, on the other hand, was Southey saying that the pension only served to facilitate Coleridge's neglect of his family, and that Coleridge ought to be made to return to them and to work for their support: It was insufferable that he—Josiah—and his children should be straitened by the payment of an annuity which in truth was only doing harm by rendering possible a scandalous dereliction of marital and parental duty. . . . Suppose that, for once, to do a great right he does a little wrong? Indeed, for the matter of that, his fortune might be said to be wrecked—in a manner—through the tactics of that villain Boney. And then, Coleridge is not the man to make a fuss. If the seventy-five pounds is withdrawn he will simply acquiesce. Or stay! What if a stinging letter be written to him, such as shall make him an active party in the business by inducing him to propose surrendering the pension? Some such train of thoughts must, it is to be feared, have passed through Josiah's mind, and led up to the correspondence which took place between him and Coleridge in August or September 1812. Set out thus on paper it wears a nasty look; but ugly as it may appear, it is profoundly human, and Josiah Wedgwood was but a man after all. In justice to Josiah let it be said that, to any one so entirely estranged from the poet as at this time he must have been, there could not seem the remotest likelihood of Coleridge's one day reforming his ways and setting to work to redeem lost opportunities. Still, there was his promise: how might that be broken consistently with honour? And besides, there was the responsibility which, in voluntarily proposing the annuity, he had incurred towards Coleridge and his family. Leaving the promise altogether aside, we say that this responsibility alone should have sufficed to ensure the continuance of the annuity. But neither sense of honour nor sense of responsibility availed with Josiah against the tempting opportunity to lessen his expenditure. When through the

mischievous though doubtless well-meant interference of a third party an occasion seemed to offer, Josiah yielded to "the false utilitarian lure," and—broke his word.

We may believe Coleridge when he says that his feeling, on hearing of the withdrawal, was that of relief. "I feel my mind rather lightened," he wrote to Stuart, "and am glad that I can now enjoy the sensation of sincere gratitude towards him [Josiah] for the past, and most unfeigned esteem and affection, without the weight that every year seemed to accumulate upon it." But it was inevitably otherwise with Mrs. Coleridge, who for many years past had had the whole annuity at her disposal. "I have no right to complain," she wrote to Poole; "but—*if Mr. Wedgwood had but once seen these children!*"

It will be asked: Why rake up this old story at this time of day? The reply is: because it has never yet been told fully and faithfully, and also because, within the last three years, it has been distorted by a prejudiced and ignorant writer to Coleridge's disadvantage. One knows not how it is, but for some time past there has seemed to be a general tendency to assume that, in every difficulty or dispute in which he was involved with his contemporaries, Coleridge was invariably, and, so to speak, necessarily in the wrong. The truth of the homely adage, "Give a dog a bad name," etc., has never been more powerfully exemplified than in the well-nigh uniform unfairness with which questions implicating Coleridge's moral character have been handled in the journalism and the ephemeral literature of the day. Whenever his conduct comes under discussion the case is prejudged before the evidence is even cited; and the man becomes the victim of his ill report before the world. Surely nothing can be more unjust, nothing more fallacious or more futile than Mr. Litchfield's preposterous way of talking—*reasoning* it cannot be called—which consists simply in substituting a conjecture based on prepossession for a conclusion founded on evidence. Josiah Wedgwood was, as all the world knows, a man of unblemished fame—therefore he *could* not have acted unworthily in the matter of the annuity; Coleridge, again, was, as all the world knows, a frail and erring mortal—therefore in this instance he, and not Josiah, *must* have been to blame! Such a pretended solution of the mystery does wrong incidentally to the poet's biographer, Dykes Campbell, whose version of the affair is, so far as it goes, entirely consistent with all that we can discover relating to it; but in a far greater and graver degree it does wrong to the poet himself, whom it makes the scapegoat for the fault of his patron. Coleridge, heaven knows, had errors and weaknesses enough of his own to answer for—who, indeed, ever confessed his mistakes more ingenuously, or bore with such patient dignity the tremendous penalties they brought upon him? Let us not wrong his gentle memory by imputing to him a misdeed that properly belongs to another. Why speak of his faults at all, when what concerns us to-day is his priceless, his imperishable gifts to the world—the treasure of his profound and illuminating criticism, the boon of his divine and unapproachable song?

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive his powerful rime.

He anticipated, and surpassed, all the greatest of his successors—Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson—for he laboured in many forms of poetry, though in none has he left us more than three or four examples—in some, alas! but one. Yet wherever he tries, there he triumphs, and his thoughts in their melodious setting are like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Let us turn indignantly away from those who would fain peep and pry upon his frailties—the cravings of a weak and unmanageable body; and "say grace for the lovely things we have received at his hands, enjoy them, love them, and honour the poet."\*

T. HUTCHINSON.

\* Stopford Brooke: "The Golden Book of Coleridge," p. 59.

## AN END IN ITSELF

ON brink of fierce-eyed morn and shadowless way  
I passed a spring pure-brimmed as flower-clipt dew,  
Nor then durst pause or drink, but since I knew  
My steps must thitherward turn at close of day,  
I bade that loveliest image with me stay,  
And evermore my desert journey through  
From thought thereof my heart's best solace drew,  
While yet the burning hours between us lay.

And when I stood thereby with weary feet,  
Lo, trampling herd to baulk my dear desire  
Had trod the limpid crystal into mire.  
Yet how from henceforth chide the hope's deceit  
That cheered my path o'er leagues of drowth and heat,  
And slaked full many a shaft of noon-launched fire?

JANE BARLOW.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### PHANTASTES

How long is it since I first read "Phantastes"? My own old copy bears date 1858, and I believe it is an *editio princeps*. But it is not the copy in which I read the *Faerie Romance* first—that was lent me, by a friend. The date matters very little, except that it was very near the first publication of the book.

And now I find myself in possession of the most recent edition, issued by the author's son, Dr. Greville Macdonald, and illustrated by the author's friend, Arthur Hughes. I hope I am not ungrateful, but though I admire Mr. Hughes's illustrations, on the whole, I prefer my own old plain copy. Methinks the reader should illustrate his "Phantastes" for himself; the mental picture is better than the material one. But this is probably an instance of that troublesome abstraction, the personal equation.

It is a pity that the author did not translate the passage from Novalis which he has prefixed to the book. Even in these days of culture, not every one knows German. Yet the passage quoted is, in a manner, a key to the whole work. It tells us of narratives which are like dreams, without consistency yet not without association: poems of which one stanza at a time is intelligible, but whose sense is unconnected—wild music like the strains of the Æolian harp. Such a dream story, such music, is "Phantastes." Most assuredly it is not an allegory—yet there is the strongest temptation to read allegory into it. Has the adventure of Anodos with the Lady of the Alder Tree any hidden moral? Does it symbolise the human weakness which Matthew Arnold called lubricity? There is somewhat to suggest this interpretation—and yet, mere allegory or symbolism seems vulgar and out of place. Even if we conjecture that the Alder Lady only signifies false Art—true Art being typified by the White Lady of the marble cavern—yet imagination is repelled by the commonplace of allegorical interpretation.

Nevertheless, there is one theme which seems to dominate the entire story, and to demand treatment from a symbolical point of view. What does the Shadow mean? Assuredly it has a meaning—the reader feels that it must have, from the moment when the Shadow finds Anodos in the Ogre's cottage to the moment when Anodos is able to say:

Thus I, who set out to find my Ideal, came back rejoicing that I had lost my Shadow.

And yet, what is that meaning? Sometimes one is tempted to think that it is neither more nor less than Self-Consciousness—the spirit, perhaps, of analysis, which must needs subject beauty and goodness as it were to chemical tests. Here is an episode, which supports that conjecture:

Once, as I passed by a cottage, there came out a lovely fairy child with two wondrous toys, one in each hand. The one was the tube



through which the fairy-gifted poet looks when he beholds the same thing everywhere: the other that through which he looks when he combines into new forms of loveliness those images of beauty which his own choice has gathered from all regions wherein he has travelled. Round the child's head was an aureole of emanating rays. As I looked at him in wonder and delight, round crept from behind me the something dark, and the child stood in my shadow. Straightway he was a commonplace boy, with a rough broad-brimmed straw hat, through which brim the sun shone from behind. The toys he carried were a multiplying glass and a kaleidoscope. I sighed and departed.

Does not this read as if the Shadow were meant to symbolise the power of seeing "the seamy side of things" and the tendency to look at it? Again, the Shadow comes between Anodos and the Knight of the Rusty Armour, just at the moment when Anodos is about to confide in the Knight and to seek his friendship. But most significant of all is the following:

The most dreadful thing of all was that I now began to feel something like satisfaction in the presence of the shadow. I began to be rather vain of my attendant, saying to myself: "In a land like this, with so many illusions everywhere, I need his aid to disenchant the things around me. He does away with all appearances and shows me things in their true colour and form. And I am not one to be fooled with the vanities of the common crowd. I will not see beauty where there is none. I will dare to behold things as they are. And if I live in a waste instead of a paradise, I will live knowing where I live."

And then follows the sad adventure of the Maiden with the Crystal Globe, which discloses to Anodos the true character of the haunting spectre. The narrative is too long to quote, and, indeed, no quotation can convey either the enthralling interest of the story or the charm of the author's style. I am constrained to say here, that although the volume contains a great deal of melodious verse, the prose is more musical still. When I say this, I except the refrain of the ballad of Sir Aglovaile. Everybody knows it, even those who have never seen the book, and know nothing else about it; and yet I cannot help quoting it once more.

Alas, how easily things go wrong!  
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,  
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,  
And life is never the same again.

Alas, how hardly things go right!  
'Tis hard to watch on a summer night,  
For the sigh will come, and the kiss will stay,  
And the summer night is a winter day.

One must needs seek out the best in Shelley, or Keats, or Coleridge to surpass these lines; and, indeed, the whole poem in which they occur is a masterpiece of melody as well as of fancy.

I will extract just one more fragment of verse, because it seems to me a more representative exemplar of the author's style than the poem of Sir Aglovaile, and especially than the lovely refrain. The following lines are only part of a poem which is itself part of a greater whole, the latter portion, however, merging into prose.

Through the realms of the monarch Sun  
Creeps a world whose course had begun,  
On a weary path with a weary pace,  
Before the Earth sprang forth on her race:  
But many a time the Earth had sped  
Around the path she still must tread,  
Ere the elder planet, on leaden wing,  
Once circled the court of the planets' king.

There in that lonely and distant star,  
The seasons are not as our seasons are;  
But many a year hath Autumn to dress  
The trees in their matron loveliness;  
As long hath old Winter in triumph to go  
O'er beauties dead in his vaults below;  
And many a year the Spring doth wear  
Combing the icicles from her hair;  
And Summer, dear Summer, hath years of June,  
With large white clouds and cool showers at noon;  
And a beauty that grows to a weight like grief,  
Till a burst of tears is the heart's relief.

Children, born when Winter is king,  
May never rejoice in the hoping Spring;  
Though their own heart buds are bursting with joy,  
And the child hath grown to the girl or boy;

But may die with cold and icy hours  
Watching them ever in place of flowers.  
And some who awake from their primal sleep,  
When the sighs of Summer through forests creep,  
Live and love and are loved again;  
Seek for pleasure and find its pain;  
Sink to the last, their forsaken sleeping  
With the same sweet odours around them creeping.

This is fine verse, but not up to the mark of the Refrain. And, as I said, the prose is even more fascinating than the verse. I despair of quoting—not because I could not find plenty of fine passages, but because, to speak plainly, I should not know where to stop. Or, to put it in another way, I could find no "purple patch;" for the whole robe is of pure purple, and to seek for a pattern were to rend and to deface it. So perhaps I had best desist. After all, this is a *Causerie*—and my French dictionary tells me that a *Causerie* is a Chat. I have chatted about a book which for the greater part of half a century has had a singular fascination for me, and I hope that I have suggested, at least, the reasons which have led me to think that "Phantastes" is one of the greatest works of pure imagination to which the Victorian era has given birth.

Must I confess that I have read very little of George Macdonald's besides "Phantastes?" What I have read is far from being up to the mark of the *Faerie Romance*—although in all Macdonald's work the fascination of his style must needs be felt. I refer to his other works merely to explain, if possible, why "Phantastes" has always especially appealed to me. The others (such, at least, as I have read) are "stories with a purpose." The good people are always made to come out all right, and the naughty people are at least compelled to "say they are sorry." Indeed, this is about the severest punishment which befalls most of them, for our author is an optimist and something more. I will not say that this disposition of his does not show itself in "Phantastes"—in fact, in the concluding chapter there is an optimistic pronouncement which might almost be called crude. But taken as a whole, the *Faerie Romance* is a *faerie romance* pure and simple—it is the kind of tale described in its German foreword—and if there may be symbolism or allegory to be discerned here and there, assuredly there is no purpose, in the sense in which "purpose" may be found, for instance, in the "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood." This, by the way, is the latest of Macdonald's books which I have read, and as I said, I am acquainted with but few of his numerous novels. I only mentioned the "Annals" to illustrate my remark that many of his later writings are obviously stories with a purpose. I am tempted to say, a somewhat crudely and inartistically displayed purpose—but this *Causerie* is about "Phantastes," and "Phantastes" only. Were it not for this, I might be tempted to compare the *Faerie Romance* with Goethe's "Märchen"—but to do so would lead me too far afield.

EDWARD STANLEY ROBERTSON.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "An Early University Calendar," by C. B.]

## FICTION

*The Man of Property.* By JOHN GALSWORTHY. (Heinemann, 6s.)

WE experienced the same keen pleasure in reading Mr. Galsworthy's book as a connoisseur in wine, whose palate has often been affronted by inferior vintages, would feel as he inhaled the fragrance of a fine claret. There is plenty of the *bon petit vin*, there is a good supply of *ordinaire*, but the real thing seems to become more rare, and by its rarity more precious. Let us at once record our homage. Wine leads infallibly to "the large infidel," Omar Khayyam, who knew wine as he knew books, and in him we find the end of the metaphor in the lines:

The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice  
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmutes—

applicable alike to the function of good art or good wine. But too often, even when it is Life's metal that is handled, it remains unconscionably leaden, a dull transcript without a gleam of gold. A little of the *feu sacré* is needed to bring about the change, and a little of this transforming quality Mr. Galsworthy possesses. Leaden enough in all conscience is the material upon which he works. The Forsyte family are rich and respectable members of the upper middle class. We see the whole family grouped in all its massive unimportance; and yet we feel that each member of it is a separate human being, and we become strangely intimate with their several peculiarities. In front of this perfect background move the figures of Philip Bosinney, the architect, who is engaged to June Forsyte; Soames Forsyte, who is the man of property; and Irene, his wife. Bosinney is an artist, and the antithesis of Forsytedom. The tragedy lies in the fact that he and Irene come into conflict with it and are overwhelmed by its weight. The skill and delicacy with which the story is told is equal to the fineness and distinction of the character-drawing. There is no effort; and no difficulty is shirked. Certain moments live vividly in the mind; as when Soames hears the cry of the peacocks at dawn, or when George follows Bosinney as he rushes wildly through the fog, or when Irene returns to her husband. The book is remarkable: it has strength without the least taint of sensation; and is written with a finish which is both rare and delightful. Two points only are there to which we take exception: that Mr. Galsworthy at times lingers unnecessarily over the Forsytes; and that he has, in one passage at least, mistaken brutality for strength. The book is an extraordinary advance upon his former work, and is as far above the level of the average novel as *The Voysey Inheritance* is above a Tom Taylor comedy.

*The Pathway of the Pioneer (Nous Autres).* (Methuen, 6s.)

DOLF WYLLARDE is an "up-to-date" novelist who knows how to attract public attention by her choice of subject and title, and it is regrettable that her latest work deals inadequately with a phase of life which is fresh in literature and of much interest. English women of birth and breeding have been working for their living in other than the ancient ways for nearly a score of years past, but their history has remained practically unwritten. Their historian will speak when their story is made, but Dolf Wyllarde's novel, by its title, its flamboyant dedication, its pointed quotations, its recurring insistence on "we others" showing "the way to them" and so forth, presents in the stories of seven girls a premature picture which is almost a libel. The book gives a fateful incident in the life of each girl in turn, and between each little history is sandwiched a chapter describing a meeting of "Nous autres" with much characteristic chatter. Of the seven, one is an actress in comic opera: one a member of a Ladies' Orchestra: a third is a music-mistress: two are journalists, one a telegraphist, and the seventh is a typist. The last four are the only "pioneer" professions for women of those represented, but that might pass if the women themselves were representative. The mischief lies in the fact that Dolf Wyllarde's heroines, with one exception, are not pioneers at all. They are pitiful waifs on the road of life, and little women, whose emotions, unfairly pressed, prove their undoing; but their difficulties are not those of the new working woman, who is essentially the woman of refinement and breeding finding her place in fresh and inimical surroundings. The lives of Dolf Wyllarde's "pioneers" are made or marred by the opposite sex. The all-important incident she narrates is, in each case, a love-affair. That, of course, is a possible happening to any one, but it is not one characteristic of the professional woman. She has less trouble in "walking with clean feet through the streets of experience" (a phrase occurring many times in Dora Wyllarde's pages) than most of her sex, because of her absorption in the vital question of her work and her alienation in thought and feeling from those amongst whom her life is passed. She has no illusions,

but she has nearly always much-cherished ideals. In only one of Dolf Wyllarde's heroines do we find her faint resemblance—in the seventh "pioneer," Flair Chaldecott. But Dolf Wyllarde tells us nothing about Flair, except that she dies of heart disease from a weak constitution and over work. The author does not know her only "pioneer" or else cannot describe her.

*The House by the Bridge.* By M. G. EASTON. (Lane, 6s.)

SHOULD this be a first novel, the author should be encouraged to proceed in the art of novel-writing. The book shows great promise of better things to come. Like many modern novels, it has far too much plot: nearly every character in the book has a story of its own, which is a little bewildering. Most of the people appear either to have mated with the wrong person or suffered troubles of the heart. The heroine is a charming girl who brings sunshine wherever she goes, as all nice girls should do. She even wins the love of her stern and acrid aunt Mrs. Chantry (aunt Ezekiel, as she calls her on her first introduction). There are some wise words said about the effect of the gloomy old house and its inhabitants upon the sensitive and reserved nature of the little heroine. She is taken from the land of sunshine that she loves, the home of her dead father and his regiment where she has been petted and loved and, as a very young child with her ayah, arrives at her new home to be made acquainted with gloom and mystery and silence, morose people and the horror of dark lonely nights in a house that has a "mystery." The secret of that mystery is well kept-up until the last chapters and comes quite as a surprise, although it is difficult to believe that a girl would live so many years of her life there and not find it out. The story grows more melodramatic towards the end, and a scene where the aunt has gone mad and tries to murder her niece is particularly blood-curdling. But there are many delightful men and women in the book, and we are glad to find the heroine left with a prospect of enduring happiness.

*My Cornish Neighbours.* By Mrs. HAVELOCK ELLIS. (Alston Rivers, 3s. 6d.)

"THERE'S good and bad and medium here as elsewhere," says Mrs. Pengilly, when the lady from uplong exclaims that the village is ideal and the people kind and charming in every way; and the lady's sketches show that on the whole Mrs. Pengilly was right. The neighbours were not always neighbourly. They suspect one "uplong" of drinking, because they find her Salutaris bottles and take Salutaris to be a Roosian speerit. They tell the lady herself when she leaves them that she has been one against all, "for it do take years with we to treat a stranger like one of our own." The stranger always gets the worst of it when it comes to a bargain: whether he is an artis' chap who gives ten shillings for cups that have cost sixpence or a young woman who gives six pounds for goats which the owner, if she had only known it, would have paid her to take away. Yet the general impression left by these sketches is of a kindly, law-abiding folk, rather lazy, clannish, honest, set in their own ways, clinging to old superstitions and ideas. They are used to village life and think town life both sinful and uncomfortable: they are at once quarrelsome and united: quarrelsome every day and united in emergency. They talk, as Cornish folk do, with a quaint disregard of grammar and some picturesque phrases which we hope the Board Schools will not drive away. But hope is vain. Education will teach the children of these people the proper use of pronouns and the improper use of many a word which their parents use to-day with musical and vigorous effect. So we may be grateful to Mrs. Havelock Ellis for preserving the talk of to-day in these charming sketches and for giving us pictures of a peasantry that is neither arcadian nor bestial but good and bad and medium, here as elsewhere.



## THE DRAMA

## "CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION" AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE

SOME years ago the Stage Society gave a performance of *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, and our memory of that performance is very pleasant. That was in the days when Mr. Shaw's plays were given tentatively and needed the spice of adventure which then belonged to Sunday evening playgoing in England. Since then our education in Shaw has had opportunities; and his attitude and intention in the light reflected from his later (and in our thinking incomparably finer) work have become less enigmatical. We are no longer deafened by the tub-thumping which was at first necessary to attract our attention: we have even seen plays of Mr. Shaw without having been able to read disconcerting prefaces of his own explanation, containing a ridiculous admixture of truth, more baffling than any lie. For a man's opinion of himself means nothing until we have something of an opinion of our own as to what he may be. The effort of self-expression conduces to contortions in most men, and most men strive to keep them in the background. Mr. Shaw did not. He writhed in public; and kept an inimitable commentary running on every twist, so that they seemed intentional, studied almost; moreover so swift and bewildering were they that they distracted attention from what he was achieving. What we then thought the ebullitions of a clever man, we are now inclined to consider the mistakes of a genius. We were right to be impressed by *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*: it was far more interesting than the average play, and still is; but we have seen *John Bull*, and *Major Barbara*, and *The Voysey Inheritance* since that adventurous Sunday.

Most men want to escape from reality: it is soothing to have something other than facts to look in the face. The little cockney Drinkwater managed by the help of Sweeney Tod and The Skeleton Horseman to elude the realities of the Waterloo Road, and he continued to treasure his "lawbrary" in Mogador, when its actual necessity was no longer pressing. This was inverted in the case of Brassbound. He needed the newspaper cuttings recounting his uncle's good deeds to counteract the effect of his picturesque bandit's life, and to help him to build a splendid romance of revenge around the sordid facts of his childhood. He must play the leading part in his own romance, and he does so with fatal persistence, until he becomes the hero of his dreams. Brassbound is not a villain in a melodrama, but a melodramatic man in a comedy, which laughs at the tendency of all men to take themselves in melodramatic earnest. "All men are children in the nursery," says Lady Cicely, and proves her point with every man in the play, but especially with the chief baby, Brassbound, and even with his uncle, Sir Hallam, though he, so far from being the villain of his nephew's dreams, is eminently respectable and accordingly succumbs last. Mr. Shaw is nothing if not chivalrous. But his treatment of Brassbound is confused: the exposition is cumbrous and unenlightening, with a strange mingling of melodrama and farce, and it is only half-way through the great scene in the second act, where Lady Cicely is mending Brassbound's coat, that the play is forced up to the level of comedy with a supreme effort that is not wholly successful, for the audience has been in no way prepared for the change of attitude. The dark hints of Brassbound to his uncle which make the curtain to Act I, concerning the wild justice of the mountains, are too much in the manner of the conventional villain to be taken as seriously as they are meant to be. And it is this confusion of treatment which makes it peculiarly difficult—almost impossible—to portray the character of Brassbound with any semblance of reality.

Mr. Frederick Kerr grappled courageously with the difficulties. But his Brassbound lacked valiancy and dash.

He was inclined to over-emphasise the sinister and lowering side of the Captain. That made his act of vengeance seem mere treachery, and untouched by any of the glamour, which it would gather from the colour of a life-purpose. We did not feel that for years he had been waiting for his vengeance, and the moment of its fulfilment did not seem a great moment. That lessened the effect of his loss, and made his surrender to the influence of Lady Cicely's charm less accountable. Mr. Kerr was handicapped by the fact that Miss Terry had not been able to master her words—more handicapped than was Miss Terry herself. By sheer skill and that marvellous personal charm of hers she carried through her part successfully and at times rose to her former greatness. Mr. J. H. Barnes was excellent as Sir Howard: he controls his features and modulates his voice with all the precision of an actor of the old school. A very clever performance was given by Mr. Gwenn as Drinkwater. His exit—shouldered shrieking to be washed—was memorable; but he seemed to be a little over-anxious to make his points and emphasise his dialect. Mr. Shaw's points are not the better for forcing nor his dialect for emphasis.

We were able to pay a second visit to the Court on the Tuesday following the play's production. We came away more than ever convinced as to how much Mr. Shaw is indebted in this instance to his interpreters. The most noticeable improvement was in the first act, which was played far more quickly and almost saved from being dull. But it is a clumsy act. There is a little piece of character-acting, with which we were more than ever impressed: it is in its small way perfect: namely, Marzo, the Italian from Hatton Garden, played by Mr. Michael Sherbrooke.

H. DE S.

## FINE ART

## THE LATE CHARLES WELLINGTON FURSE

SINCE Charles Furse was cut off early in life, it is impossible to say whether he might not in time, possibly in quite a short time, have become more conscious of, and more distressed by, a lack which his work showed in common with that of almost all of his contemporaries, an indifference to the beautiful qualities of the material he handled. He was so intelligent, so keen and ardent in spirit, and his high aims were so justified not only by his talents but by his opportunities, that one is bound to think that his development, being on true lines of independence and courage, would have led to that refinement which we miss. Everything else was there—largeness of vision, original composition and vigorous colour, dignity, character—but no hint of exquisiteness or tenderness. Some critics have coupled his name with Whistler's. A more inept comparison cannot be conceived. If Whistler was not exquisite to the verge of the precious, he was nothing.

The lack of delicacy, of elegance, in Furse's work was not one which was likely to be supplied under the influence of Mr. Sargent, which was considerable in most of the later work. Furse was strong enough himself, and the emulation of a yet stronger painter was quite unnecessary. His sense of colour developed surely and rapidly. *The Lilac Gown*, now on exhibition with other of his works at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, is a brilliant and original study of colour, spoilt, however, to some extent by the streaky, smeary painting. The same fault occurs in the portrait of Mrs. M. B. Furse, otherwise a work of some charm. Beautiful quality excuses everything, but a sky like the blue in this portrait, which is not only false in tone but also abominable as pigment, is "horripilant."

Of the several portraits and sketches of Earl Roberts, the most satisfactory is the very complete and accomplished small version which was exhibited at the

New English Art Club some years ago. Here Furze was working on traditional lines, and although, of course, Velasquez is a long way ahead, still the painter was on the road. I have little doubt that he would have returned to this road, if he had lived. His grasp of character was admirably shown in the portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Leaf, painted in 1903, and technically it was his best work in its combination of vigour and dexterity. But his more ambitious attempts, the portrait groups of huntsmen, have a special and touching interest in the evidence they supply of his predilection for open air, life and movement. The feeling of procession in *Cubbing with the York and Ainsty*, with the merry children looking jauntily down from their high horses on the small spectator, is most exhilarating. It is a pity that his first ambitious essay in this line, the portrait of *R. Allison Johnson, M.F.H.*, exhibited at the New English Art Club in 1893, is not included in the present exhibition. The mere planning out of such a work on such a scale was an astonishing performance for a young man of twenty-five, and it was carried out with unflagging verve. I well remember the portraits of the hounds, Gayless, Flourish, Spangle, etc., and their air of bustle and movement. The portrait of *Philip Crossley, M.F.H.*, is grand in design, but Furze evidently was ill at ease in the smaller scale. Another open-air picture, *Diana of the Uplands*, which was a great favourite when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy, has movement and vigour, of course, but of a rather melodramatic and sensational kind, besides being hard and fierce in colour. The small sketch gives the essentials with more satisfaction. His love of the open air is significant of the whole man, as shown by his detestation of cliques and coteries, of snobbery and jobbery; and therefore his early death means not only the loss of a remarkable artist, but of a vigorous and independent personality, whose influence could not have failed to be salutary for any body with which he was connected.

B. S.

### THE RISING GENERATION

To those who are acquainted with the autumn salons the collection of "pictures and drawings from the Paris Salon d'Automne 1905" at the Lafayette Art Gallery (178 New Bond Street) will suggest a tail without a dog. Carrière, Renoir, Cézanne, and the other heads of the impressionist school whose work was the attraction of the Paris exhibition are here represented, not by their works, but by those of their followers. Genuine Carrières, Renoirs and Cézannes are absent, but imitations abound, and these do not equal, however they may flatter their originals. Inasmuch as the younger painters of France—with the exception of M. Henri le Sidaner, whose beautiful paintings of Venice have just been shown at the Goupil Gallery—are practically unknown to the British public, the broad-minded critic will welcome an exhibition which contains examples of such artists as Charles Milcendean, A. Chabanian, Abel Truchet, and A. Guillaumin. Moreover, though many paintings seem so violent in colour as to incur suspicion of having been painted *pour épater le bourgeois*, the dominant note of the exhibition is sincerity. It is this very sincerity, perhaps, which makes the exhibits strange to British eyes. For to the young painters of France it is not enough to imitate something; something must also be expressed. It is the painter's duty to present as well as to represent, and consequently he is apt to ignore all facts in Nature save the one which he is momentarily engaged in presenting.

As a contrast to the more florid exhibits there are a few reticent pieces, such as André Allard's *The Canal at Harfleur*, quiet and true, while H. Marrett's *Depôt de Machines* is able and personal, a Monet subject without servile imitation of Monet's vision and technique. In some respects the most interesting of the exhibits are a species of lithographs in colour which attracted much attention in Paris. Maurice Neumont's poetic *Twilight, Bois de Boulogne* and Felin's clever character-study, *Dormeuse*, are

admirable examples of the soft but brilliant effect of which this medium is capable.

On first entering the Grafton Galleries, where the Ridley Art Club is holding its twentieth exhibition, one might suspect that here also the subtle influence of the French Impressionists had been at work. The grey seascapes of Messrs. James E. Grace and Philip F. Walker which greet one in the ante-room are pleasantly reminiscent of Boudin. But on entering the larger gallery the suspicion proves unfounded. Whistler has obviously inspired some of the portrait painters, but to little effect; Monet, no doubt, has to some extent influenced Mr. Moffat Lindner, possibly also Messrs. Terrick Williams and Julius Olsson, and the marines of these three are the most distinctive paintings here—paintings, be it said advisedly, for otherwise they would have to reckon with the dignified, bigly seen landscapes in chalk by Mr. Claude Shepperson. Some statuettes and reliefs by Mr. Gilbert Bayes and a fan by Mr. Conder well-nigh exhaust the major interests of the exhibition. Mr. Louis Grier's nocturne, *The Pool of Sleep* (36), the Constable-Steerish landscapes of Miss Beatrice Bland, and the *Pastoral* of Mr. Cecil Rea deserve a word of praise, but, excepting Mr. Shepperson, one cannot find here an artistic individuality so strong that it promises to force its recognition from the public.

To discover the painters of to-morrow, however, it is more necessary to search in the provinces and departments than the capitals; and of this one is reminded by the excellent exhibition of modern paintings now open at the Royal Institution, Liverpool. The portraits by Mr. Gerard Chowne here prove him to be more variously gifted than one could tell from the flower-pieces which alone represent him in London, while Mr. Hamilton Hay is revealed not only as the inimitable painter of curling waves and flat foam-flecked foregrounds whom the International has taught us to admire, but as the subtle observer and deft recorder of the light-effects which beautify mean streets in the hour of dusk. Mr. W. Alison Martin's *Fêtes champêtres* and landscapes reveal a sparkling colourist of wonderful quality, who, if he continue as he has begun, should revivify the glorious tradition of glowing colour which began with Titian and ended with Monticelli. Some intensely virile drawings by Miss Enid Jackson gave us something of that shock of power and original observation which was afforded by our first glimpse of the work of her master, Mr. Augustus John, from whom she has learnt to be strong without sacrificing the tenderness that belongs to femininity.

## MUSIC

### THE OXFORD HISTORY OF MUSIC—V

MOST people know pretty well what they mean when they describe a work of art, a piece of furniture, a dress or a custom, as "eighteenth-century," and the expression used adjectivally may be appropriate quite apart from the particular date which the substantive implies. The phrase connotes something very pompous, very formal, very dreary. Look a little deeper and we see with the author of this volume that this impression is largely due to the remarkable "combination of lavish display with an almost barbarous discomfort," which was a characteristic of the century. Take Bach and Handel, or perhaps only Bach, out of the first half of the century and we see how thoroughly consonant was the music of the period with this outlook upon other departments of life. The year 1750 did this; Bach died, and music was left to be represented at its best by the sententious and anglicised oratorio of Handel, at its worst by the debased opera of the Italians. How bad that worst was, Mr. W. H. Hadow lays bare in a vivid opening chapter "On the general condition of taste in the Eighteenth Century." Of this the reader of the



fourth volume has had some glimpses; here it is summed up with force and terseness, and with a sense of humour which is almost epigrammatic. Bach had so little to do with his own time that he could have no immediate successors; with his death music died and had to be born again. Nor is this a mis-statement in view of the fact that it received its new life from Bach's son, Carl Philip Emanuel. Educated by his father, he was still not his successor in the sense of continuing his tradition; he was the parent of a new music, which was nurtured and developed by Haydn and Mozart, and which arrived at full manhood in the sonatas and symphonies of Beethoven. This, like the music of Cavaliere and Monteverdi, a century and a half earlier, was a revolt from servitude. Theirs had freed music from the service of the church, this from the service of the great ones of the earth. Musicians of the eighteenth century wore the liveries of their masters and wrote operas or masses as might best please the capricious taste of their patron archduke or archbishop. Handel might have worn a livery, Haydn did, but imagine Beethoven in one! The movement towards artistic freedom, then, was nothing less than the development of the most abstract form of music, one not designed to minister either to the sense of devotion or the desire for amusement of distinguished patrons, as was the church and stage music of the time, nor yet, like the concerto of the virtuoso, designed for the display of personal achievements, but one undertaken simply to find the most perfect expression for the highest musical thoughts—in short, the Sonata form as exemplified in works of that name and in quartets, concertos, symphonies.

The rise and growth of this movement is the main subject of this volume, but there are various side issues which require detailed attention, and which no historian could afford to overlook. A school of church music having for its highest point Beethoven's colossal mass in D may well claim to be important in the history of the art, and Glück's reform of the opera, incomplete though he left it, and the later school of opera of which Mozart was the chief ornament, and which led the way to Beethoven's *Fidelio*, can only be classed as side issues at all because of the overwhelming importance of this other movement which was taking place concurrently with them. Mr. Hadow deals with opera first, and in recounting the well-known story of Glück's campaign in Paris he makes clear, by description of the state of contemporary opera and by quotation from Glück's *Iphigénie en Tauride*, what were the real points at issue, and what Glück attained. His music seems polite and formal enough to us now, but contrasted with that of his contemporaries it is amazingly vivid. Opera, as Glück found it, was neither music nor drama; as he left it, it was both, the imperfect fusion of the two elements in itself testifying to the strength of their separate existence. One of them, the music, Mozart developed in the next generation, but for the furthering of its dramatic side opera had to wait till the next century. Mozart's position with regard to opera is well summed up when the author, speaking of *Così fan tutte*, says:

On each successive event is concentrated everything that music can do, every appropriate device of rhythm and figure and orchestration; there is not a motion, not a gesture that is not illustrated by voice or instrument, there is not a shade of feeling which lacks its actual expression. The scene is always laid in Cloud Cuckoo-town but it maintains the laws of its kingdom.

*Fidelio*, Beethoven's only opera, is compared with Mozart, and it is shown that, whereas in Mozart's work "the dramatic ideal is more compatible with the melodic, in that of Beethoven it is commonly subordinated." Hence the complete isolation of Beethoven's work. "To call it a dramatic symphony would overstate the case, but it is a drama conceived and executed upon symphonic lines." In the same way with church music as exemplified in the Mass, Beethoven said the last word with his *Missa Solennis* in D. To apply the term "church music" to this work at all sounds absurd; it knows no

such limitations as the word implies. As it belongs to what is generally known as the third period of Beethoven's work and *Fidelio* to the second, so, as *Fidelio* is symphonic, the Mass has passed beyond the confines even of that restriction and cannot be classified.

But to return; with chapter seven, headed "C. P. E. Bach and the growth of the Sonata," Mr. Hadow takes up the main thread of music's history in the second half of the eighteenth century. It is so often a difficulty that the name Sonata long precedes the existence of the type of work we mean by that name, that it should be very helpful to many to have the development traced and the connection shown between the so-called Sonatas of Corelli and Domenico Scarlatti and those of Mozart and Beethoven. This Mr. Hadow does by quoting examples and analysing the various types of "binary" and "ternary" movement as found in the works of these composers and of J. S. Bach, and shows how their gradual extension approached very nearly to what we now know as "first movement" form. Never quite, however, since they never arrived at a second subject as distinct from the first. C. P. E. Bach went further and arrived at what is practically the complete outline of sonata form, though with him the exact divisions of first and second subject are still indeterminate. On this point Mr. Hadow says:

This absence of distinctive themes is not a mark of deficient melodic invention, for C. P. E. Bach had a very remarkable gift of melody, nor of inexperience, for he had been engaged in Sonata writing since 1732. It was simply an inherited tradition, which, occupied with clearing the outlines of his form, he did not think it worth while to discard. His main business was to mark out the ground and lay the foundation.

Two other points of incompleteness are noted in C. P. E. Bach's work, the rudimentary character of the "development section," and the unsatisfactory management of keys in the restatement of the first part. The first could not be rectified until the subjects had become sufficiently definite to merit a more consistent treatment, the latter was a problem which only continual practice in the new form could solve. The question as to definiteness of subject, however, was settled once for all by Haydn. He was gifted with a power of melody too spontaneous and overflowing to be checked by conventions of "serious" composition, and, besides his natural gift, Mr. Hadow conclusively shows that he was indebted for the freshness of his rhythms and metres to Croatian folk-song, his native inheritance. This infusion of folk-song into the music of Haydn, thereby influencing the course of all instrumental music through Sonata form, is one of the most striking instances of popular music coming to the aid of scientific music, and giving to it the breath of life without which it must have languished. We have seen how popular music marched ahead of the scientists of the fifteenth century in its feeling for euphony, how in the seventeenth the song and the dance tune occupied the attention of musicians and how the Cantata and the Suite resulted. The melodies of Haydn, coming straight from the heart of a people whose speech was song, have each that individuality necessary to assert that principle of contrast, which alone was wanting to sonata form to make it thoroughly articulate. The form being complete, its individual treatment by Haydn and Mozart in quartet and symphony, and its further modification by Mozart to apply it to the clavier concerto, receive interesting treatment in this volume, the examples chosen for quotation being particularly happy. What better illustration of Mozart's method of combining and contrasting subjects could be found than the development section of the first movement of his G minor quintet?

Then comes Beethoven. Of this chapter one can only say that the author has had to pass from the piano trios of Op. 1 to the Choral Symphony in some thirty pages which include quotations, and that he has done so in such a way as to give a glimpse of the work of Beethoven, which is not a catalogue of his compositions but a hint of that extraordinary development which is almost unparalleled in a single life in all artistic history. To do so he employs

a striking simile, with a quotation from which I must conclude:

Beethoven's last period is like the second part of *Faust*. There is no music in the world more difficult to understand, none of which the genius is more unearthly, more superhuman. It contains passages to which we can no more apply our ordinary standards of beauty than we can to the earthquake or the thunderstorm; it contains phrases, like the moments of cynicism in Goethe, which, till we comprehend them better, we can only regard as harsh or grim or crabbed; at times it rises into melody the like of which the world has never known and will never know again.

H. C. C.

### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

FROM Mr. Bertram Dobell, of Charing Cross Road, the editor of the poems of Thomas Traherne which were eagerly welcomed some time ago, we receive news of a scheme he has prepared for publishing by subscription a number of volumes of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century literature. The readers for whom they are intended are the "fit though few." Mr. Dobell will be satisfied with a hundred and fifty subscribers, and the prices are to be low. The proposed books are as follows: "Centuries of Meditation," a prose work by Traherne, of which there will be two editions, one at 7s. 6d. net, uniform with the Poems, and one at 5s. net. If this book is well received, it will be followed by Traherne's "Christian Ethicks." Next comes "The Poems of William Strode" (1602-1644; an almost totally forgotten poet), now first collected from manuscript and printed sources, together with his play entitled *The Floating Island*, now first reprinted from the only edition (1655). The price of this will not exceed 7s. 6d. net. "Gleanings from Manuscripts," being poems and dramatic works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries now first printed from manuscripts, most of which are in Mr. Dobell's possession, will consist of three or four volumes, to be issued at intervals of about six months, at not more than 6s. each. The contents will consist partly of unknown poems by unknown or little known poets—Nicholas Oldisworth, M. Johnson, John Champenoune, Sir T. Nevill, J. Warmestrie, Bryan Duppa, Roger Conyers, William King, J. Mason, Sir T. Rowe, Alexander Gill, etc., together with some anonymous pieces; partly of works by well-known poets of which Mr. Dobell possesses manuscripts that differ in interesting details from the accepted texts. He has, for instance, manuscript copies of Spenser's "Mother Hubbard's Tale," and Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson, which differ from the printed copies, and the other writers that come under this heading include Alabaster, Herrick, Cartwright, Donne, Carew and Mrs. Katherine Phillips. "The Letters, Speeches and Poems of Sir Nicholas Bacon," now first printed from the original manuscript, will be 7s. 6d. to subscribers; and *The Partiall Lawe*, a tragi-comedie (c. 1620-30), which, Mr. Dobell claims, is an unknown and unprinted play, will be issued in a limited edition at 5s. The plot is founded on the story of Ariosto from which Shakespeare, through Bandello, drew the plot of *Much Ado About Nothing*.

Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop has written a book on "English Civil Costume," to be issued by Messrs. Black in four sections, which will eventually be combined in one book. The first section, "Early English," is to be published this month, the second, "The Middle Ages," in April. The other two—"Tudor and Stuart" and "Georgian"—will be issued in the autumn. The book is illustrated with colour plates and numerous thumb-sketches in the text.

Mr. John Lane will publish on April 3, "Bombay Ducks," by Douglas Dewar—"an account of some of the everyday birds and beasts found in a naturalist's El Dorado," with numerous illustrations reproduced from photographs by Captain Fayrer. A "Bombay Duck" is a time-honoured expression in India, and Mr. Dewar thinks that as the animals dealt with in his volume are all to be found on the

"Bombay Side," they have an equal right with pieces of dried fish to be called "Bombay Ducks." Captain Fayrer's series of remarkable photographs from life should render the work attractive.

"The Life, Letters and Art of Lord Leighton," by Mrs. Russell Barrington, is promised by Mr. George Allen for the autumn. Mrs. Barrington knew Leighton for thirty years, and she has been assisted in her task by his sole executor, by other members of the family and by his brother Academicians and friends. The book will contain the diaries and letters written by Leighton, covering a period of fifty years. There are letters from George Eliot, Ruskin, Browning, Henry Greville and Charles Dickens.

Messrs. Jack are about to publish a series of volumes on the great English poets. Mr. Oliphant Smeaton is to be general editor. Spenser will be dealt with by Mr. W. B. Yeats, the Shelley volume has been assigned to Professor Churton Collins, Herrick to Canon Beeching, Byron to Mr. Charles Whibley, and Browning to Mr. Augustine Birrell; while Professor Saintsbury will be responsible for the volume on Longfellow.

Dr. Douglas Hyde is publishing next week with Mr. T. Fisher Unwin a work on "The Religious Songs of Connacht." The book, which is a companion to Dr. Hyde's "Love Songs of Connacht," is a collection of poems, songs, ranns, charms, prayers, orthas, and curses, with which are interspersed prose stories of saints, miracles, healing-wells, etc., collected during the last twenty-five years from the Irish-speaking natives of Connacht. It is printed in the original Irish on one side of the page with a literal and often also a poetical translation on the other.

Messrs. Sisley announce the publication, on April 12, of a new series of reprints—The Panel Books—the first volumes of which will be "The Memoirs of Count Grammont"; "Don Juan"; "The Life of 'Beau' Nash"; "Silas Marner"; "Decisive Battles of the World," by Sir Edward Creasy; "The Devil on Two Sticks," by Le Sage; "Sheridan's Plays"; and "Oliver Twist." Each volume is to be printed on antique paper, with frontispiece, decorated title-page in colour, end-papers, and full gilt edges.

Probably the first book to be published on the Royal Tour in India will be Mr. G. F. Abbott's "Through India with the Prince," which Mr. Edward Arnold announces for April 6. Mr. Abbott accompanied the Royal Party as Special Correspondent of the *Calcutta Statesman*.

Bishop Westcott is the subject of the next volume in the series of "Leaders of the Church, 1800-1900," edited by Mr. G. W. E. Russell and published by Messrs. Mowbray. The book will be published immediately after Easter.

On April 2 Mr. Unwin will publish "The Continental Outcast," by Prebendary Carlile, Chief Secretary of the Church Army, and his son, Mr. Victor W. Carlile. The book contains an account of visits paid last summer to the famous Labour Colony of Morxplas in Belgium, and similar institutions in Holland, Germany and Denmark, together with a number of practical suggestions for the improvement of our English methods of dealing with the unemployed, tramps and beggars.

Under the title "Six Years at a Russian Court," Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will publish shortly an interesting book of personal reminiscences by Miss M. Eagar, who had charge of the children of the Czar till the outbreak of the war with Japan, when, suspected of being a Japanese spy, she had to leave St. Petersburg.

Messrs. Frederick W. Wilson and Co. have in the press "Holiday Glasgow: or, Ardkinglas, the City's Highland Estate," by Mr. John Orr, M.A. The book gives a brief description and history, from an early period to the present time, of Glasgow's newly-acquired Highland estate, and shows ways in which this playground of the citizens of St. Mungo may be developed. It will be illustrated by Messrs. J. and A. Kinloch.





## UNIVERSITY POETS AND NOVELISTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It seems a pity that your remarks should be based on data so imperfect. One can hardly accept as representative of Cambridge a list which omits: Wyatt, Gascoigne, Day of the exquisite "Parliament," the dramatist Fletcher, the Spenserian Giles Fletcher (known to Milton at any rate), the Platonist More, Cleveland, Buller (?), "Rehearsal" Buckingham, the maligned Shadwell, Cumberland, and Smart; and among translators (if Cary is to swell the Oxford list) Fairfax, Broome and Fenton. Of course, there are omissions in your Oxford list, but I doubt whether Cambridge has cause to fear an exhaustive comparison.

Among Cambridge novelists the following writers should have been included—Marion Crawford (*cf.* his "Tale of a Lonely Parish"), Max Pemberton, Hugh Benson, Anstey of the not unknown "Vice Versa" and "Giant's Robe," and Henty (since you rank Hughes as a novelist).

The main fact which emerges is that Oxford has produced but one poet (Shelley), and no novelist of absolutely the first rank. And the plangent poverty of her case is not bettered by placing Matthew Arnold and William Morris beside Spenser and Milton, or Reade and Blackmore in the same "class" as Sterne and Thackeray.

V.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

## ART.

Isherwood, Grace. *Monumental Brasses in the Bedfordshire Churches*. With illustrations drawn by Kitty Isherwood from rubbings by the authoress. 9×5½. Pp. 68. Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d.

[The parishes are arranged alphabetically, and a brief account of existing brasses given under each, with a short introduction. 8 Plates.]

*The Cathedrals of England and Wales: their history, architecture and associations*. With a series of Rembrandt Plates and many illustrations in the text. Part I. 11½×8½. Pp. 32. Cassell, 7d. net.

[The first number of a new enterprise, to be complete in about twenty-four fortnightly parts. This part deals with Canterbury and begins York Minster. The frontispiece is a fine "Rembrandt" reproduction of a photograph of Canterbury Cathedral, and there are forty-two other illustrations and plans, many of them full-page. The letter-press is interesting and the whole promises a very good popular work.]

Rembrandt: A Memorial. Part II. 14½×10½. Pp. 4. 7 Plates. Heinemann, 2s. 6d. net.

[See the ACADEMY for March 24, p. 294. The plates in this number are *Study of a Chanting Lion* (Lord Brownlow); *Life Study of a Young Man* (Bibl. Nat., Paris); *Portrait of a Woman Seated* (Heseltine); *Portrait of Rembrandt* (Liechtenstein); *Portrait of Saskia* (Cassel); *The Night Watch* (Rijksmuseum); *Portrait of a Rabbi* (Buckingham Palace).

Atlay, J. B. *The Victorian Chancellors*. In two vols. Vol. i, with Portraits 9×6½. Pp. xi, 466. Smith, Elder, 14s. net.

[Contains Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, Lord Cottenham and Lord Truro.]

## BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Lubbock, Percy. *Elizabeth Barrett Browning in her Letters*. 7½×5½. Pp. 382. Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net. (See p. 305.)

*Home Life with Herbert Spencer*. By Two. 7½×5. Pp. 234. Bristol: Arrowsmith, 3s. 6s.

[Details of Spencer's domestic life by two ladies with whom he lived for some years.]

## DRAMA.

Welcker, Adair. *A Dream of Realms Beyond us*. 9×5½. Pp. 39=78. Ninth separate American edition. San Francisco. 214 Pine Street. 40s.

## EDUCATION.

Boyer, Paul and Spéranski, N. *Russian Reader*, adapted for English-speaking Students by Samuel Northrup Harper. 9½×6½. Pp. x, 386. Luzac, 13s. 6d.

[For students who have some elementary knowledge of Russian grammar and pronunciation: its object being to present a faithful and adequate picture of spoken Russian. The readings are all from Tolstoy, and all but one from his stories written for children. Very full grammatical notes; appendix of commentary; Index and Vocabulary. Mr. Harper has had the assistance of Mr. Ellis H. Minns, Russian Lecturer at Pembroke College, Cambridge.]

Boyer, Paul, and Spéranski N. *Manuel pour l'étude de la Langue Russe*. 9½×6½. Pp. xiv, 386. Paris: Colin, 10fr.

[This is the original of the English edition preceding.]

*Herodotus IV. Melpomene*. Edited by E. S. Shuckburgh. 6½×4½. Pp. xxiii, 315. Cambridge University Press: The Pitt Press Series, 4s.

[Prepared on the same plan as the other books of Herodotus published by Dr. Shuckburgh about fifteen years ago. Introduction, historical and geographical; Notes on the text; Text; Notes, grammatical and interpretative; historical and geographical Index; Index.]

Tebbutt, J. H. *The Education Imbroglia: An easy way out of it*. 7½×5. Pp. viii, 93. Simpkin, Marshall, 1s. net.

[A plea for simplification, centralisation and religious teaching, including a scheme for the management of all schools on simple lines.]

*Who built our Schools? Words to Mothers*. By a Mother. 6½×4½. Pp. 31. S.P.C.K., 1d.

## FICTION.

"Q." *The Mayor of Troy*. Second Impression. 7½×5. Pp. 300. Methuen, 6s.

Benson, E. F. *The Angel of Pain*. 7½×5½. Pp. 340. Heinemann, 6s.

Jones, Constance Evan. *A Matter of Temperament*. 7½×5½. Pp. 319. Nisbet, 6s.

Wallace, Helen. *Hasty Fruit*. 7½×5½. Pp. 253. Elliot Stock, 6s.

Mack, Louise (Mrs. Creed). *Children of the Sun*. 7½×5. Pp. 302. Melrose, 6s.

Galsworthy, John. *The Man of Property*. 7½×5½. Pp. 376. Heinemann, 6s. (See p. 310.)

Gallon, Tom. *Jimmy Quixote*. 5½×8. Pp. 344. Hurst and Blackett, 6s.

Boothby, Guy. *The Race of Life*. 5½×7½. Pp. 352. Ward, Lock, 5s.

Grey, Cyril. *A Manse Rose*. 7½×5½. Pp. 258. Cassell.

Bell, Lillian. *Caroline Lee*. 7½×5½. Pp. 352. Boston: Page.

## HISTORY.

Gale, F. Holderness. *The Story of Protestantism*. 8×5½. Pp. 344. Cassell, 6s.

[A history of the Reformation based on the late Dr. J. A. Wylie's "History of Protestantism," but embodying results of the researches of the thirty years that have elapsed since that author's death.]

## LITERATURE.

*Descriptive Catalogue of Books in the Lending Department at the Borough of Hampstead Central Library*. Compiled and annotated by W. E. Doubleday. 9½×6½. Pp. xxii, 517. Published at the Central Public Library, Finchley Road, 2s. 6d. (to borrowers and ratepayers, 1s.) (See p. 317.)

## MILITARY.

Ottley, Brevet-Major, W. J. *With Mounted Infantry in Tibet*. With portraits, illustrations and plans. 8½×6. Pp. xiii, 275. Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net. [The Tibet Mission is the first occasion on which Native Mounted Infantry have been employed on active service on or beyond the Indian frontier in Asia. The regiments employed were the 32nd Sikh Pioneers (Major Ottley's regiment), the 23rd Sikh Pioneers, and the 8th Gurkha Rifles. Appendices, including General Macdonald's Report. No Index.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Historic Dress, 1607 to 1800*. With an introductory chapter on dress in the Spanish and French Settlements in Florida and Louisiana. By Elizabeth McClellan. Illustrated in colour, pen and ink, and wash drawings by Sophie B. Steel. Together with reproductions from photographs of rare portraits, garments, etc. 11½×8½. Pp. 407. Lane, 42s. net. [Index and a glossary.]

Hocking, William John. *Catalogue of the Coins, Tokens, Medals, Dies and Seals in the Museum of the Royal Mint*. Vol. i. *Coins and Tokens*. 10×6½. Pp. viii, 460. Printed for H.M. Stationery office. London: Wyman; Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd; Dublin: Ponsonby, 10s.

[The contents of the Museum at the Mint, which began to be formed nearly a century ago, were re-housed and re-arranged about four years ago; and this Catalogue has been prepared by the Assistant-Superintendent [of the Operative Department]. Much new knowledge is included, especially in reference to British Colonial coinages. Roman coins struck in Britain are added. Brief historical notes and memoranda are given after each coin, and there are appendices of tables on Maundy Money and an alphabetical list of coin-legends or mottoes with translations. Index.]

*Science in Public Affairs*. Edited by the Rev. J. E. Hand. 7½×5½. Pp. 291. Allen, 5s. net.

[Preface by the Right Hon. R. B. Haldane. Papers on Science and Physical Development; Science and City Suburbs; Science in National Education; Science and Colonial Development; Science and Industry; Science and Administration; and Science and Citizenship. Index.]

Martin, Cecil A. "Without Prejudice": or, the case for foreign Missions simply stated. 6½×4½. Pp. iv, 95. S.P.C.K., 6d.

Representative Church Council. *Report of Proceedings: Sessions November 22, 23, and 24, 1905*. 8½×5½. Pp. 73. S.P.C.K., 6d.

Vaughan, John. *The Wild Flowers of Selborne, and other Papers*. 7½×5½. Pp. 247. Lane, 5s. net.

[Papers reprinted from Longmans, The Cornhill, Temple Bar and other monthlies.]

Tolstoy, Leo. *The One Thing Needful*. Pp. 55. *A Great Iniquity*. Pp. 39. Each 7½×5. The Free Age Press (Thomas Laurie), each 4d. net.

[Both translated by V. Tchertkoff and I. F. Mayo, with a note in each by the latter. The frontispieces are two portraits of Tolstoy.]

*The Shire and Cart Horse: Their points, defects and ages*. By a Veterinary Surgeon. *The Hackney Roadster or Harness Horse: points, defects, and age*. Illustrated. By a Veterinary Surgeon. Each 4½×4½. R. A. Everett, The Equine Series, 1s. net each.

[Each a single large sheet folded in a cover.]

Barton, F. T. *The Horse-buyer's Guide*. 8½×5½. Pp. 32. R. A. Everett, 1s. 6d. net.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

*The Fauna of British India, including Ceylon and Burma*. Edited by Lt.-Col. C. T. Bingham, and published under the authority of the Secretary of State for India in Council. *Rhynchocha*.—Vol. iii. (Heteroptera—Homoptera), by W. L. Distant. 9½×5½. Pp. xiv, 503. Taylor & Francis, 20s.

[The first volume of this series to be published since the death of Dr. Blandford, its original editor. Carries the account of the Rhynchocha to the end of Fulgoridæ. Illustrated. Indexes, systematic and alphabetical.]

## PHILOSOPHY.

Husik, Isaac. *Judah Messer Leon's Commentary on the "Vetus Logica"*, a study based on three MSS. with a glossary of Hebrew Logical and Philosophical terms. 9½×6½. Pp. ix, 118. Leyden: late E. J. Brill, m. 6.

[Messer Leon was an Italian Jew of the fifteenth century, one of the last of the Averroists and of the medieval Jewish philosophers. His commentary on Aristotle's work was based on a Hebrew Text. The basis of Dr. Husik's book was his dissertation in the University of Pennsylvania, 1903.]

## POETRY.

Granville, Charles. *Broken Lights*. 7×4½. Pp. 48. Basle: Tanner, n.p.

[The longest poem describes the passage of the author's mind from Christianity through a kind of Pantheism to belief in a future state and a beneficent Creator. The verse is often good, and some of the shorter lyrics very charming, if not free from obvious blemishes.]

*The Rush-Light*. By Seosamb mac Cathmhaoil. 7½×6. Pp. 66. Dublin: Maunsel, 2s. 6d. net.



- Gibson, Elizabeth. *A Little Book of Saints*. 6x3½. Pp. 21. Fifield.  
*Cyrus, the Great King*. An historical romance. By Sir Edward Durand.  
 8½x7½. Pp. 395. Appleton, 10s. 6d. net.  
 Holden, E. M. *Argemone*. 7x5. Pp. 46. Fifield, 9d. net.  
 Doughty, Charles M. *The Dawn in Britain*. Volumes i. and ii. 7½x5½.  
 Pp. 450. Duckworth, 4s. 6d. net. per vol.  
 Ingleby, Holcombe. *Poems and Plays*. 9x6. Pp. 580. Kegan Paul,  
 7s. 6d. net.  
*A Southern Flight*. By Frank Dempster Sherman and Clinton Scollard.  
 8x5½. Pp. lix. Clinton, N.Y.: Browning, \$1.25 net.

## REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Hindu Manners, Customs, and Ceremonies*. By the Abbé J. A. Dubois.  
 Translated from the Author's later French MS. and edited, with notes,  
 corrections, and a biography, by Henry K. Beauchamp. 7½x4½. Pp.  
 xxiv, 741. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 6s. net.  
 [Third edition. Prefatory note by the Rt. Hon. F. Max Müller, portrait  
 of Dubois and full index.]  
 \* White, the Rev. Gilbert. *The Natural History of Selborne*. Re-arranged  
 and classified under subjects by Charles Mosley. 7½x5½. Pp. vii, 266.  
 Elliot Stock, 6s. net.  
 [The original letters are cut up and distributed, still in chronological order,  
 under subject headings, e.g. Meteorology, Birds, etc. The frontispiece is  
 reproduced from that of the first edition. Index.]  
*The Song of Songs*. A lyrical folk-play of the ancient Hebrews, arranged in  
 seven scenes by Francis Coult. With illustrations by Henry Osipov.  
 Flowers of Parnassus series. 5½x4½. Pp. 65. Lane, 1s. net.  
*Law for the Million*, by a practical lawyer. Second edition. 8x5½. Pp. 288.  
 The *News of the World* office and Simpkin, Marshall, 1s. 6d. net.  
 [A legal handbook containing information required for ordinary purposes.  
 The subjects are arranged in alphabetical order. Index.]  
 Neale, the late Rev. J. M. *Hymns for the Sick*; a reprint of the edition of  
 1849. 5½x4½. Pp. 64. S.P.C.K., 6d.  
 Anstey, F. *The Brass Bottle*. Fourth impression. 7½x5½. Pp. 312. The  
 Waterloo Library. Smith, Elder, 3s. 6d.

## SCIENCE.

- Noteworthy Families (Modern Science)*. "An index to kinships in near  
 degrees between persons whose achievements are honourable, and have  
 been publicly recorded." By Francis Galton and Edgar Schuster. Vol. i.  
 of the Publications of the Eugenics Record Office of the University of  
 London. 9x5½. Pp. xlii, 96. Murray, 6s. net.  
 \* Bigg, Heather. *An Essay on the General Principles of the Treatment of*  
*Spinal Curvatures*. Illustrated by the author's photographs and  
 sketches. 9x6. Pp. 240. Churchill, n.p.  
 [Sections: I, Primary Principles and Definitions; II, Evolution of the  
 Principles of Treatment, 400 B.C. to 1800 A.D.; III, Evolution of  
 Appliances for Treatment, 1768 to 1870; IV, Adjunctive Treatments at  
 1870; V, Author's own Methods of Treatment, 1870 to 1905; VI, A  
 Review of other Methods of Treatment, 1870 to 1905; VII, A Particular  
 Analysis of the Gymnastic Treatment. Dr. Heather Bigg is the  
 champion of the mechanical treatment.]  
 Hall, A. *The Turn of the Tide*. 8½x5½. Pp. 4. Printed by Harbert &  
 Mizen, 17 Crouch Hill, N. n.p.  
 [Astronomical Leaflet, No. 5. With the leaflet comes a card bearing a  
 "Simplified Calendar" for any year. Mr. Hall gives us a thirteenth  
 month, "Christember"; each of his months has twenty-eight days;  
 New Year's Day is called "Alpha" and not counted; and once in  
 four years comes "Omega," or Leap-Year's Day. The plan is certainly  
 simple.]

## THEOLOGY.

- Inge, William Ralph. *Studies of English Mystics*. St. Margaret's Lectures,  
 1905. 8½x5½. Pp. vi, 239. Murray, 6s. net.  
*Saint Mary the Virgin*. By René-Marie de la Broise. Translated by  
 Harold Gidney. The Saints series. 7½x4½. Pp. xiv, 265. Duckworth, 3s.  
 [Under three aspects: the historical events of Mary's life; her mind and  
 inner life; the part assigned to her in the divine scheme of the  
 Incarnation and Redemption.]  
 "Z." *A Soul's Wayfaring*: a series of interviews with "Romanus" formerly  
 an Anglican rector. 7½x5½. Pp. 299. Bristol: Arrowsmith. n.p.  
 [Romanus, now a Roman priest, is interviewed by Z, the reporter of the  
*Psychological Examiner*, and recounts his passage from Protestantism  
 to Roman Catholicism.]

## TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- Aubin, Eugène. *Morocco of To-day*. 8½x5½. Pp. 399. Dent, 6s. net.  
 [Crowned by the French Academy. The book consists of letters written  
 by M. Aubin partly under canvas in the course of his wanderings in  
 Morocco, and partly in an orange-garden at Fez. Two maps and  
 index.]  
 Crooke, William. *Things Indian*. Being discursive notes on various  
 subjects connected with India. 8½x5½. Pp. 546. Murray, 12s. net.  
 [One of the series of books which includes Dr. Ball's "Things Chinese" and  
 Professor Chamberlain's "Things Japanese." The author deals only  
 with quaint things and customs which are not specially considered in  
 books of reference.]  
 Belloc, H. *Esto Perpetua*: Algerian Studies and Impressions. 7½x5½.  
 Pp. viii, 191. Duckworth, 5s. net.  
 [Illustrated by the author with little sketches and one water-colour.]  
*The Story of Brussels*. By Ernest Gilliat-Smith. Illustrated by Katharine  
 Kimball and Guy Gilliat-Smith. 7x4½. Pp. 383. Mediaeval Towns  
 series. Dent, 4s. 6d. net.

## THE BOOKSHELF

*Admissions and Asides*, by A. St. John Adcock (Elkin Mathews  
 1s. 6d. net). Mr. Adcock says in one of his admissions: "We grow  
 to love our enemies when they become old enemies. They have all  
 the glamour of our early years about them, and when they die we feel

as if we were the poorer by a friend." And in one of his asides: "It  
 is only after a man has used up his stock of dreams that he becomes a  
 pessimist. If I could have my way in life, I would live young for  
 eighty years, and then die suddenly of my first grey hair." In  
 "Admissions and Asides" there are some descents into platitudes which  
 the author avoided entirely in his "London Etchings"; but it is the  
 work of an essayist with the charm of a poet and the wit and sense of  
 a delightful prose-writer.

*A Memoir of Archbishop Markham, 1719-1807*. By his great-grandson  
 Sir Clements Markham. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 5s.) The Mark-  
 ham family is happy in having its records so carefully preserved by  
 one of its most distinguished members, the late President of the  
 Geographical Society, who has now written a life of the Archbishop  
 of York, the father of that Admiral whose life was published some  
 twenty years ago under the title of "A Naval Career during the Old  
 War." The life of a man who was born in 1719, was headmaster of  
 Westminster, Dean of Christ Church, Bishop of Chester, preceptor to  
 the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, who as Archbishop of  
 York was accused in the House of Lords, by Chatham, of preaching  
 the doctrines of Atterbury and Sacheverell, was the friend of Warren  
 Hastings, and had to run before the Gordon rioters with his purple  
 covered by a layman's greatcoat, was certainly worth the telling.  
 Sir Clements Markham was the obvious person to do it, and we can  
 complain of nothing except that he gives no index to the book and  
 for frontispiece reproduces one of the less pleasing portraits of his  
 ancestor. Dr. Markham was the last but one of the "prince arch-  
 bishops," and his family of thirteen was one of which a prince might  
 be proud. His eldest son was secretary to Warren Hastings, the  
 second was First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, another was Dean of  
 York, another Archdeacon, another was killed in a gallant assault  
 on Port-au-Prince. There is certainly reason for his numerous  
 descendants of the present generation to cherish the memory of this  
 patriarch. He has been called pompous by one writer, but he lived  
 in an age of pomposity, and the epithet seems quite inappropriately  
 applied to an Archbishop who was willing to make up a set to dance  
 reels with his children. It has been said that he showed a partiality  
 for his father's profession of the army, but even so it could not have been  
 said of him, as it was said of a certain Bishop of London, that he  
 was fitter to be a bombardier than a bishop. It is interesting to  
 note that Dr. Markham's tastes were extremely varied, and Dr.  
 Parr left it on record that one of the Archbishop's discourses on  
 a geographical subject was "so able, so instructive, and so elegant both  
 in thought and language" that it was thought worthy to be printed.  
 Sir Clements might object if the epithet "elegant" were applied to  
 his own geographical work, but here is at any rate a splendid case of  
 a gift inherited in the third generation.

*Catalogue of Modern Etchings and Aquatints of the British and American*  
*Schools in the National Art Library, Victoria and Albert Museum*. (H.M.  
 Stationery Office, 2s. 6d.) This useful catalogue, like the preceding  
 volume devoted to the foreign etchings, has been compiled by Mr.  
 Martin Hardie. Only original work is included. The term "modern"  
 is not defined, but the period covered seems, practically, to begin with  
 the nineteenth century. We notice, however, that Angelica Kauffman  
 is included, though the date of her latest etching is 1780. We wish  
 Mr. Hardie had been at a little more pains to ascertain the date of  
 birth in the case of living artists; many such dates not yet included  
 in the dictionaries could easily have been ascertained from the  
 artists themselves or, in the case of Knights and Academicians, such  
 an accessible source as "Who's Who." Philip Hermogenes Calderon  
 is entered as if still living. The name of Mr. Frank Laing does not  
 occur in the present volume, but we found him banished to the foreign  
 schools as the penalty of publishing a plate in Austria. For the  
 arrangement of the catalogue itself we have nothing but praise. Such  
 publications as "English Etchings," "The Etcher" and "The  
 Etching Club" are briefly described under the general heading, and  
 their contents are then given in detail under each artist's name.  
 There is no reference, however, on either system to Messrs. Mac-  
 millan's publication, "The Artist Engraver" (1904), which can hardly  
 have been excluded from the library. Proofs of Mr. Strang's etchings  
 in Belgium are catalogued separately, but it is not stated that they  
 belong to Mr. Binyon's "Western Flanders." The catalogue shows  
 that the South Kensington collection is fairly large and representative  
 and contains many valuable things, though it follows from the constitu-  
 tion of the library that etchings published in sets or in book form  
 predominate largely over the single pieces which very often show the  
 artist at his best.

From the Hampstead Central Public Library—where, by the way,  
 there is a capital Reference room—we have received an excellent  
 catalogue of books in the Lending department: some eighteen  
 thousand. The catalogue consists of five hundred and eighteen pages,  
 including an appendix of books added ("The Portreeve," "The New  
 Thackeray Sketch Book," and "The Major of Troy" among the  
 number) while the work was in the Press, and a list of magazines,  
 reviews, etc., which may be seen in the Reading rooms. Volumes are  
 entered under author, title and subject, and to the majority descriptive  
 notes are added defining the scope and aim of the book and the  
 author's standpoint. We have tested several of these and find them,  
 for the most part, sufficient, and accurate and trustworthy. The  
 catalogue has been compiled and annotated by Mr. W. E. Doubleday  
 and his staff, and furnishes a good example of the care and industry  
 with which our public libraries are conducted.

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